



Spectrum

1960



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Spectrum

An image of something seen,
continuing after the eyes are
closed, covered, or turned away.

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THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION

TO THE STUDENTS OF THE LONDON TEACHERS' COLLEGE

It is a pleasure for me as Minister of Education to convey greetings on behalf of the Government of Ontario to the students of the London Teachers' College. To you who are graduating from the College this June and are looking forward to teaching next September, I extend best wishes for success in your chosen career. To others who are in the First Year of the Two-year Course, I say sincerely, "Happy return to Teachers' College."

You are preparing yourself for service in a great profession and there are big tasks ahead. My interest and good wishes follow you as you begin work in classrooms of your own.

A large, stylized handwritten signature of John P. Robarts in dark ink.

John P. Robarts,
Minister of Education.

Toronto, January 12, 1960.

MESSAGE TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1960



You are leaving us now, after one or two years with us during which my colleagues and I have tried to discover with you the nature of our common craft. At a time like this I search for something which will compress all that we have learned together about the work that lies ahead. This year I am turning to a very old friend whom I have been visiting during the past winter, although he is dead these six hundred years. In spite of his age, I have found him just as shrewd and wry, just as rollicking and just as grave, and in so many ways just as modern-minded, as when I first met him in my own student days. That friend is Geoffrey Chaucer, the author of the **Canterbury Tales**. In these tales Chaucer gathered together a band of pilgrims who pladdered their way to Canterbury through a Kentish springtime. Each pilgrim had his portrait sketched, in colours as fresh to-day as when they were first painted; and each pilgrim in turn told his own story, stories which ran all the way from the sanctified to the scandalous. Like the characters of two or three other great literary creators, these pilgrims seem to have a life more real than many real folk whom we meet to-day; among them is a poor scholar from Oxford. Of him Chaucer writes:

It is this line which I should like to leave with you, as an eight-ward course in teaching. Here are the two things which in themselves will make a great teacher; and without which all the other dozens of things which we have talked of this year will be of little avail.

First comes your own appetite for knowledge. You must store the cupboard from which you set the table, so that those who come there to eat will be nourished abundantly and richly. In restaurant circles, I understand that one sign of a true chef is that he is literally a well-rounded individual; to create good food he must himself enjoy good food. Isn't it the same with the food of knowledge in which you and I deal?

The other lesson for us is twice-repeated in Chaucer's eight words. All the teachers whom you have admired have had a double zest--zest for learning, and zest for imparting what they have learned. As you came to enjoy teaching yourself, so will your pupils come to enjoy learning from you. In fact, you have already discovered the other side of this picture: that none among your pupils will be more interested in what you have to teach than you yourself appear to be.

So I wish you joy both in learning and in teaching: first, because I hope you will be happy in your work; and second, because when you are happy in your work your pupils will catch your own love for learning. I can wish you, then, nothing better for your success as well as your happiness than that it be said of you, as Chaucer said it of the Clerk of Oxford:

And gladly would he learn and gladly teach.

F. C. Biehl

From The Clergy

On behalf of the Clergy and Ministers who give courses in Religious Guidance at the London Teachers' College, I am happy to offer a word of congratulation and good wishes as you go out into your chosen work.

Teaching is a great vocation calling forth every gift and ability which man has. To teachers are committed the young folk of our communities to be fed with the rich food of our culture and tradition and yet to be led in such a way that they are free to develop their own unique aptitudes and to make their own particular contributions to our corporate life.

Few other fields are so rewarding and yet so exacting. May you learn to depend not only upon professional skills but as well upon the continuing resources which God gives. May He keep you humble, brave, loving and patient that in educating your pupils you may not cease to grow towards the maturity which God intends for each one of us.

F. A. Peake,
Director of Religious Education,
Diocese of Huron.

THE FOLLOWING CLERGYMEN KINDLY INSTRUCTED US IN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION:

Rev. Maurice Forr

Rev. A. E. Ongley

Rev. Francis Peake

Rev. F. T. Dornell

Rev. F. A. Jewell

Rev. John Farr

Rev. C. J. Killinger

Rev. G. A. Gordier

Rev. John Fleck

Rev. J. O'Flaherty

Rev. G. Zimney

Rev. J. L. Doyle

Rev. Rolph Borker

Rev. E. A. Currey

Rev. G. E. Rousom

Rev. R. B. Cumming

Rev. A. E. Duffield

Rev. R. H. McColl

Rev. John Stinson

Introduction

London Teachers' College



New College, Aging

She lies in greater comfort now.
The sward has crept
to base her walls;
Trees and shrubs are reaching
as to touch forbidding stone,
new mellowed by first aging.
Can ageless stone begin to age anew?
A mounting inner warmth
has now begun
to soften blank severity of newness.
Life pulses through her veins
and warms her heart;
And the first of many generations
of her offspring
has come to call her
Mater.

Prime Minister



The Prime Minister's Message

The Graduating Class of 1960 of London Teachers' College can look upon themselves as products of the true college. A true college supplies to its students, a competent staff to teach and advise them, and the opportunities for the development of recreation, co-operation and fellowship. Our college has met and surpassed all of these demands.

We must recognize that the profession we have chosen demands of us deep responsibility, for in our teaching we are developing the character of the citizen of tomorrow. I feel that the following quotation from "A Teacher's Prayer" exemplifies our aims in teaching:

"God, let me care for those whom I must teach;
Like the great Teacher let me ever love
With tender, brooding, understanding heart,
Eyes wise, far-seeing as the stars above.

God, give me faith to see beyond today,
To sow the seed and cultivate the soil;
Then wait serenely, trusting in Thy power,
To bless and multiply my humble toil."

For many of us our new profession is not the end of educational achievements but rather, only the beginning for the great future that lies ahead.

I wish each of you every success in your new profession and in your future aspirations.

David A. Fickling



Miss G. Bergey, B.A.
Primary English



Miss M. A. Buck
Art

A. T. Carnahan, M.A.,
B.Paed.
Social Studies
Audio-Visual
Geography



J. A. Crawford, B.A.
Physical Education
School and Community
General Methods



Miss Una Crombie, B.A.
Social Studies
Geography
English B



R. S. Devereux, M.A.
Educational Psychology
Child Psychology
Principles and Practices
Audio-Visual

Mrs. R. S. Devereux, M.A.
Educational Psychology
Child Psychology



G. H. Dobrindt, B.A.,
B.Paed.
English 2
English 1
English A

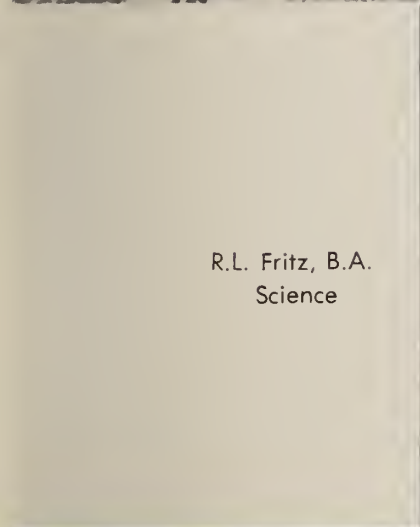




J. A. Eaman, B.A., B.Paed.
Social Studies
School and Community



L. A. Elliott, B.A., B.Ed.
A.R.C.T.
English 2
English A
Audio-Visual
General Methods



R.L. Fritz, B.A.
Science



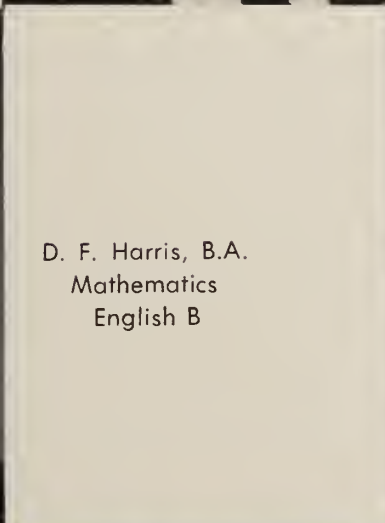
Miss E. Glover, B.A.
Primary Methods
Music



D. F. Harris, B.A.
Mathematics
English B



L. B. Hyde, B.A.
History of Education
School Management



J. F. Laforet, B.A., B.Ed.
School Management
Health



Miss A. Lawson, B.A. M.Sc.
Home Economics
Health

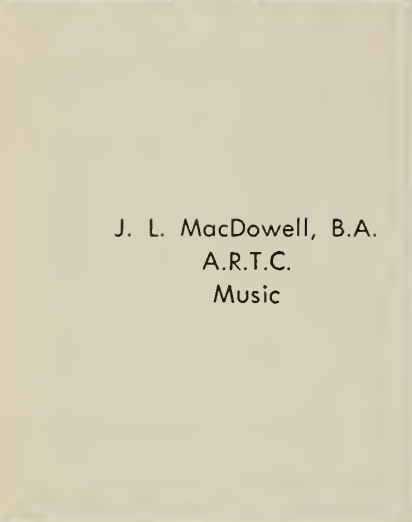




J. H. Lennon, B.A.
English B
History
General Methods
Principles and Practices



H. S. Long, B.A., B.Ed.
History of Education
Religious Education
General Methods



J. L. MacDowell, B.A.
A.R.T.C.
Music



N. B. Massey, B.A., M.Sc.
Science



J. A. McKeown, B.A.
English 2
English A



Miss W. R. Prendergast
Physical Education



S. J. Rogers, B.A., B.Sc.,
M.A.
English A
Social Studies
History
Principles and Practices





Miss W. Singer, B.A., B.L.S.
Library Science
Children's Literature



J. N. Thomson, B.A., B.Ed.
Art
School Management



Miss P. Taylor
Library Science
Children's Literature



F. G. Walker, B.A., B.Ed.
Industrial Arts
Mathematics



Mrs. G. R. Magee, B.A.
Assistant Librarian

Recall



The Story of London Teachers' College.

In 1958 the new London Teachers' College was opened for the first time. Looking back over the years, three-fifths of a century, many transitions have taken place. Let's go back to the first year 1900, and see what we could expect to find. . . .

Our student-teacher of the early twentieth century was a member of London Normal School, from the French, "Ecole Normale" a school according to the rule. The first session began on February 6, and lasted until June. In those times, the ratio wasn't any better--23 men and 78 women. Things were worse in 1917, there were 6 men, but progress was made and in 1944, there were 7!

The Normal School was located on Elmwood and Wortely, not far from the home of Colonel F. B. Leys, one of the original instigators of the school. The impressive tower still stands today, and the school is now being used for a Junior High.

These pioneers of 1900, our forerunners, managed to publish a year book at the end of the first term. Copies of the Mnemosyne (ne mos i nee) -- meaning memory, are found in our own library today.

Perhaps one of the members of the student body in the early days of the school was a member of "The Western Normal Literary Society," but it is doubtful any literary programmes were highlighted with dancing.

Dancing was forbidden until 1918, the time of Mr. William Prendergost, father of Miss Prendergost of the present staff. Instead of dancing there were Promenades. Staff, their wives, critic teachers, wives and students would assemble in the library and a series of "walks" would take place. Up and down the stairs, in and out of the various rooms, the weird parade would wind its way.

What a joy abounded!

In 1903 Manual Training was introduced (now called Industrial Arts). It is interesting to note that there have been only three instructors in this subject since 1900 -- Mr. Pickles, Mr. Hogermond and our own Mr. Wolker.

An unpopular innovation was conceived in 1928. It was announced that graduates of London Normal School were to return within four years of graduation for a second year of training. In 1934, this custom was vetoed by the department.

It was now necessary for the holder of an Interim First Class Certificate to teach for three successful years and to obtain at least credit standings in University work following Grade Thirteen in order to receive a Permanent First Class Certificate.

1953 brought still another change in London Normal School. It was now to be called London Teachers' College. No longer were there to be jokes about the normality of the Normal Students! Crowded conditions forced the staggering of classes into two shifts in 1957. It was then decided that a new site was necessary to house the large increase of students. Western Road, near the University of Western Ontario, was the location chosen for the new College.

Since the beginning, there have been more than 11,000 students pass through the halls of London Teachers' College. The present enrollment for 1959 - 60 is equal to that of the first six years.

What lies in the future - only time will tell.



Pupils' Problem



Primary-School T

THIS IS TO CERTIFY

.....Mr. John

having complied with the regulation
Education, is hereby granted an **Interim**
Certificate. This Certificate qualifies
hereof as a teacher in primary schools

Dated at Toronto this _____ day of _____

Registered Number _____



3000-56-3575

Teacher's Certificate

AT

Th

Doe

prescribed for The Department of
Elementary-School Teachers
the holder for 5 years from the date
of.



[Signature]

.....
of Education





Presentation



Sylvia Alexander
Wingham



Andrea Allain
Landon



Virginia Anderson
Sarnia



William Anderson
Ridgetawn



Peter Antaya
Windsor



James Armstrong
Tillsanburg



Jaan Arthur
Springfield



Sue Austin
Arkona



Ann Babcock
St. Thomas



Douglas Ball
Landon



Gayle Barrett
Landon



Dalores Batson
Norwich



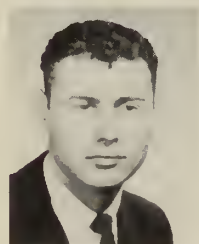
George Beadaw
River Canard



Jean Benjamin (Mrs.)
Landon



Patricia Bennett
Peterborough



Gerald Bernardo
Landon



Janet Bland
Tecumseh



Barbara Blewett
Grand Bend



Judy Blewett
Grand Bend



Carol Bloomfield
Byran



Bonnie Bourdeau
Chatham



Esther Bawen
Wilsanville



Dorothy Bunning
Chatham



Greg Burr
Sarnia



Wanda Butterwick
Vienna



Patricia Cann
Exeter



Mary Carducci
Leamington



Robert Carter
Waadstack



Wayne Chaplaw
St. Thomas

Form 1



Dara Ann Brazier
London



Carole Breckenridge
Leamington



Eunice Bradsky
Windsor



Georgia Bronsan
Sudbury



Barbara Brooks
London



Constance Brawn
Mt. Brydges



Ruth Ann Brown
Mt. Brydges



William Brawn
London



Ella May Bruner
Ruthven



Suzanne Bryce
London



Phil Bugler
London



Betty Church
Windham Centre



Beverly Clark
Wyoming



Larry Clarke
Brownsville



Nancy Clous
Kingsville



Malcolm Cleghorn
Leamington



Patrick Cline
Aylmer



Anne Cocker
Woodstock



Patricia Collins
St. Thomas



Cameron Conrad
St. Thomas



Elsie Conroy
Ridgetown



Nancy Coombs
London



Donna Cope
Riverside



Leva Coutts
Florence



Marion Cox
London



Melinda Craig
Chatham



Dorothy Csinas
Drumbo



John Cummings
Byron



Mary Curtis
Arkono



Margaret Cushman
London



Sandra Dagley
London



Sharon Danbrook
St. Thomas



Betty Dawson
Wheatley



Andrew Everitt
Ridgetown



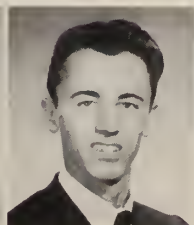
Inez Ferguson
Petrolia



Marion Fleischauer
Zurich



Blair Foote
Ingersoll



Norman Forget
Sarnia



Elizabeth Forman
Alvinston



Shirley Cotton
London



James Evans
Windsor

Form 2



Murray Delmege
Rondeau Park



Mary Demeny
London



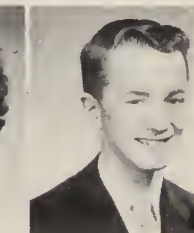
Mona Denys
Parkhill



Paul DiMarco
London



Mary Margaret Dobbie
Aylmer



Arthur Darey
London



Margaret Downer
London



Kathleen Downie
Rodney



Maureen Drake
London



Daris Elliott
Thedford



Paul Evans
London



Diane FASTER
Woodstock



Christine GAGNON
McGregar



Gerald A. GUENTHER
Windsor



Carol GILBERT
Hyde Park



Robert GILSON
St. Thomas



Ruth GINGERICH
Ailsa Croig



Jahn H. GLOVER
Tillsonburg



Debra GRAHAM
Landon



Diane GRAINGER
Chatham



Jean GREENFIELD
Carnwall



James GUNTAN
Simcoe



Lynda HARRIS
St. Thomas



Marlene HARVEY
Cabaug



Thomas HARVEY
Simcoe



Carole HAYDEN
Woodstock



Donald HAYES
Alymer



Jill HAYNES
Chatham



Ivan HEIDT
Alymer



William HICKS
Belfast Ireland



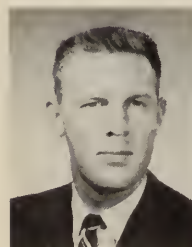
Diane HILL
Byran



Lynn HALLAND
Byron



Murray HALMES
Riverside



Dennis KEEN
Landon



Elaine KENDALL
Landon



Roberta KEYS
Sarnia



Jahn KING
Landon



Albert KISH
Landon



Bruce KISSNER
Kingsville



Stuart JEFFROY
Landon

Form 3



Rhanda HUDSAN
Tharndale



Sandee HUDSAN
Chatham



Gwyneth HUMPHREYS
Landon



Brenda IRVING
Windsor



Edna JAMES
Landon



Marian JIBSAN
Aylmer



Janet JAHNSAN
Riverside



Patricia JAHNSON
Landon



Francis KAPASI
Kingsville



Renee KEARNS
Landon



Virginia Konduras
Leamington



Nancy Koning
Chatham



Jer Kornelsen
Leamington



Elizabeth Anne Kulik
Windsor



Sandra Kuntz
London



C. Sheila Lafaret
Leamington



Marlene LaFrance
London



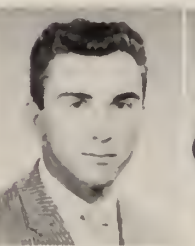
Kenneth Laidlaw
Aylmer



Mary Anne Lang
Langton



Doris Laramie
Harrow



Robert Learmanth
Scotland



Lezora I. Learn
Aylmer



Elaine Lebold
Tillsonburg



Rosina A. Leeson
Ridgetown



David J. Lennax
Sarnia



Catherine LePage
Windsor



Milton Lesperance
La Salle



Linda Lewis
Sarnia



Carolyn Anne Logan
Tecumseh



Corale MacIsaac
Orillia



Danlora J. MacKellar
Windsor



E. Joy MacPherson
Forest



David Mann
Wallaceburg



Barbara Marcus
London



Bonnie McLaughlin
Courtright



Anne E. McLean
Ilderton



Carolyn McNally
Sarnia



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Alvinston



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Alvinston



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London



John McLean
London



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Kingsville

Form 4



Lila C. Marshman
Simcoe



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St. Marys



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Woodstock



Marlene Mauthe
Tillsonburg



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Bothwell



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St. Thomas



Glenno Morley
St. Thomas



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London



Sheilo Murroy
London



Dionne Nogeisen
Pelee Island



Shonnon Olson
Ruscomb



Jone Overholt
Woodstock



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London



Beverley Payne
Komoko



Mary Jean Perkins
London



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Woodstock



Elizobeth G. Petrik
Woodstock



Irene Philip
Corinth



Donno D. Phoenix
West Lorne



Pomelo Piper
Sornio



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James Potts
London



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Betty Romsbottom
Chothom



Jo-Anne Ronkin
London



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London



Poul RoseHart
Simcoe



Lorry E. Ross
Woodstock



Douglas Rowbottom
Simcoe



John F. Rowe
Strothroy



James L. Ryckmon
St. Thomas



Romeo G. St. Louis
Windsor

Form 5



Morilyn J. Rankin
London



Rose Reedy
Komoko



Judith Reid
Glen Meyer



Dorlene Reid
Strothroy



Lois M. Reid
St. Thomas



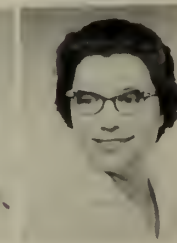
Judy Rhodes
Lombeth



Joon Rice
Belmont



Ruth Richardson
Belmont



Delynn Robertson
Woodstock



Cotherine Rockey
London



John R. Roe
Merlin



Rito Schotsch
Longton



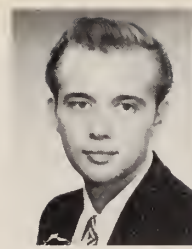
Edith Jeon Shoye
Ilderton



Morilyn E. Sheo
Wyoming



Lindo Lou Shepley
Essex



Norman R. Shoemaker
Mooretown



Audrey Siddall
Cotton



Eloine Sills
Strothroy



Rose-Jeon Simpson
Sornio



M. Eloine Slotter
Leomington



Dovid Arthur Smith
St. Thomas



Edwinno R. Smith
Chothom



Helen Irene Smith
St. Thomas



Isobello J. Smith
London



Roberto Ann Smith
Chothom



Kothleen A. Snelgrove
London



Borboro Joon Softley
Strothroy



Normon W. Steeper
London



M. June Stirling
Blenheim



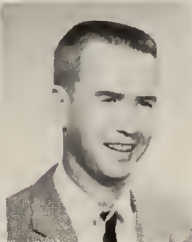
Irene Rose Tomcsu
Courtland



E. Jeon Tegort
London



Carolynn D. Thompson
London



Lorry Allon Thorn
London



Joyce A. Turick
London



Morilyn D. Twiddy
London



Sheilo D. Tyler
Windsor



Helen A. Von Domme
Wolloceburg



M. Althea Vickerman
Comber



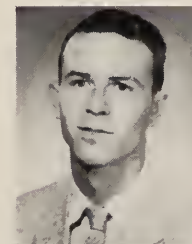
Joonne Voegel
Sornio



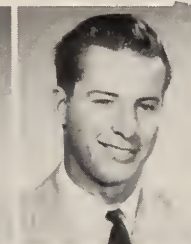
Ronold Worden
London



M. Eloine Webster
Chothom



Percy W. Whitcroft
Alymer



Richard D. White
St. Thomas



Jo-Ann E. Williams
Riverside



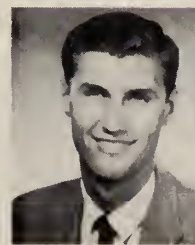
Rosemory Williamson
London



Carolyn P. Wilson
Innerkip



Aileen G. Stevenson
Petrolia



John B. R. Wilson
London



Ido Jean Wood
Chothom



Judith Ann Woodley
Ridgetown

Form 6

Form 7



Darathy Anderson
Windsar



Anne Andrew
St. Thomas



June Attlebery
Harley



Jaan Awcock
Landon



Ruth Baldack
Simcoe



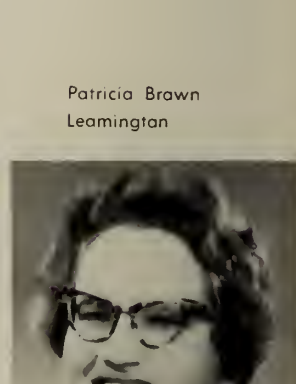
Darathy Benstead
Strathray



Marie Bergelt
Landon



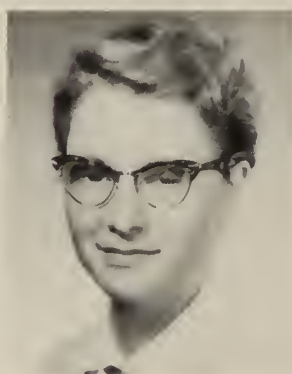
Susan Bawen
Landon



Patricia Brawn
Leamington



Barbara Buist
Windsar



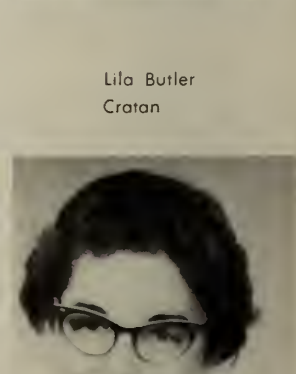
Ruth Burrill
Halbrook



Betty Lau Burwell
Tillsonburg



Sophie Buszkiewicz
Tillsonburg



Lila Butler
Craton



Elaine Butler
Otterville



Frances Cartwright
Springfield



Nancy Cates
Forest



Margaret Chalk
Aylmer



Reta Chase
Burford



Rosemary Clark
Sarnia



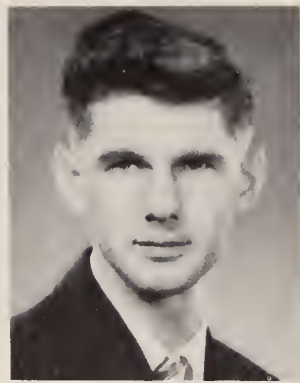
Shirley Cooper (Mrs)
Petrolia



Tom Beer
London



William Blackbird
Wallaceburg



James Blakeley
Simcoe



Jock Blyth
Windsor



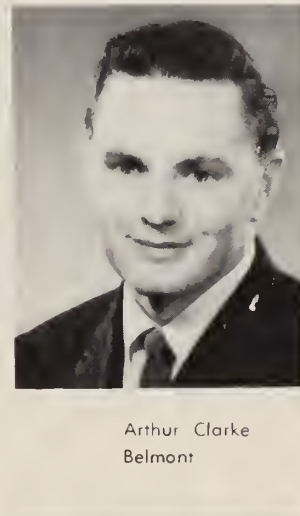
Robert Bolus
Blenheim



Roger Bradley
Sarnia



Russ Brewer
Bathwell



Arthur Clarke
Belmont



Donald Coghill
Kingsville



James Cushmon
Windsor



Ross Daugherty
Sarnia



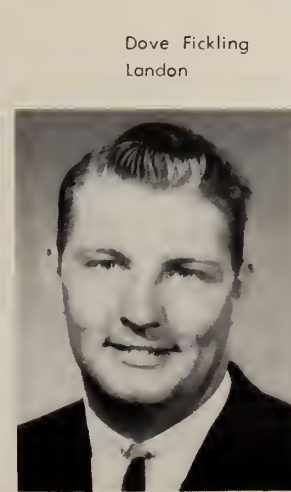
John Eacott
Tillsonburg



Dave Ewald
Paint Edward



Douglas Ferguson
Windsor



Dove Fickling
London



Allan Gee
Essex



Robert Goddard
London



David Galding
Thamesara

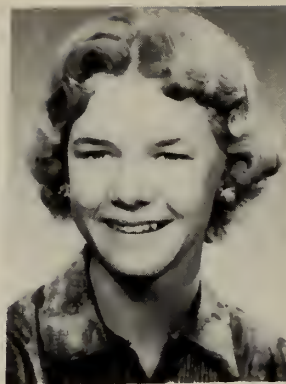


Lory Griffith
Poplar Hill



Scott Hoys
Windsor

Form 8



Marlene Coeman
Simcoe



Yvonne Callver
Otterville



Norma Cowan
Waterford



Corole Currie
Noranda, Quebec

Carol Dalton
London



Louise Daniel
Verschayle,



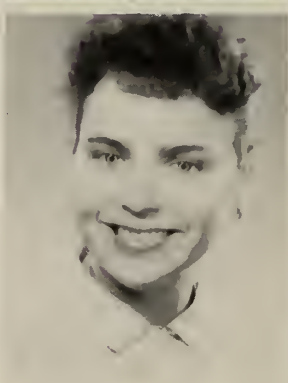
Eloine Davies
Belmont



Gloria Dawson
Merlin



Judith DesJardine
Grand Bend



Casandra Alikoos (Mrs.)
London

Diane Dudley
Sarnia



Mory Ann Earley
Rondeau Park



Joan Eastcott
Chatham



Margaret Elliott
London



Norma Evetts
London



Jane Ferguson
Kitchener



Effie Fishback
Tillsonburg





Joy Frankfurth
Comber



Lynda Gates
Glencoe



LoVerne George
Lucon



Grace Girordin
Leamington



Arnold Hull
Dutton



Robert Keech
Windsor



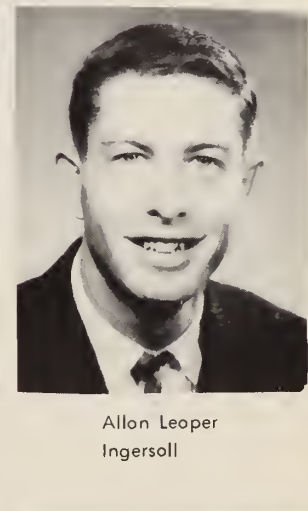
Douglas Kennedy
Ilderton



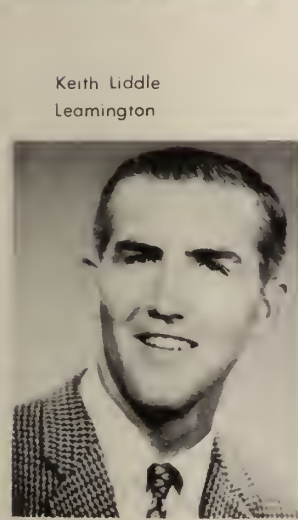
John King
London



Keith Laidlow
Aylmer



Allon Leoper
Ingersoll



Keith Liddle
Leamington



Joseph Loosemare
Windsor



Robert Lucas
Mt. Brydges



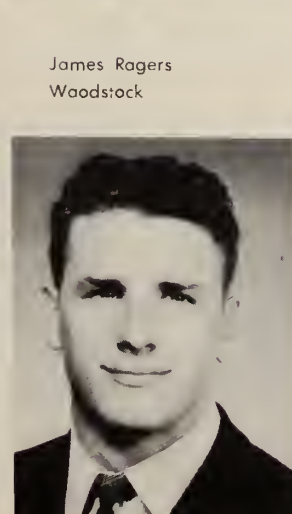
Richard Needham
London



Ronald Pronger
St. Thomas



Gardan Richards
Thedford



James Ragers
Woodstock



Robert Seiden
Windsor



Wilfred Smith
Kingsmill



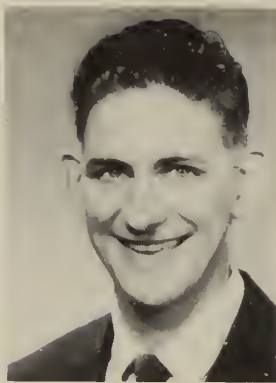
Douglas Stokes
Chothom



William Telfer
Ingersoll



Tam Timbrell
Landan



Arnold Ward
Bayham

Form 9



Anna Glowka
Delhi



Jaanne Gaarley
Thorndale



Margaret Gawrie
Brigden

Shirley Graham
Burgessville



Margaret Grant
Landan



Barbara Hallam
Narwich



Betty Hallam
Narwich



Nancy Henning
Landan



Joan Hodgins
Lucan

Carole Hogarth
Kingsville



Ruth Hooper
St. Marys



Maureen Haughton
Byran



Margaret Hyatt
Tillsonburg



Ruth Ann Irving
Narwich



Edna Jack
Chatham



Shirley Jackson
Tillsonburg





Joanne Johnson
Wyoming



Patricia Joy
London



Marlene Jury
London



Kathleen Kelly
Wotford



Susan Kubinec
Ruthven

Betty Kubis
Kingsville



Morgoret Kuntz
Riverside



Carol Lodouceur
Tecumseh



Ann Turner (Mrs.)
Golt



Lindo Lee
Tillsonburg

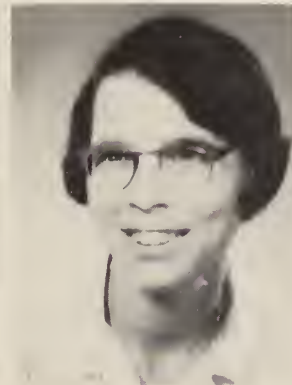
Eleonore Limon
London



Doreen Locke
London



Potricio Lovell
Kippen



Ruth Ann Loxton
Chothom



Noreen Lutchin
Wordsville

Phyllis Mohoney
Glencoe



Annette Morsholl
Tillsonburg



Lois Mortin
Aylmer



Morilyn Mortin
St. Thomas



Koren Moynord
Leomington





Ruth Ann McBride
Exeter



Patricia McCarquadle
Lameth



Anne McLean
Landon



Betty McLeish
Parkhill



Diane McNaughtan
Newbury

Form 10



June McQuiggann
Aylmer

Gerry Menning
Delhi

Judith Prestan
Landon

June Moore
St. Thomas



Cairnlea Maare
Narwich



Lynn Bailey
Leamington



Jaan Margan
Riverside

Mary Jo Nolan
Landon

Maureen O'Rourke
Chatham



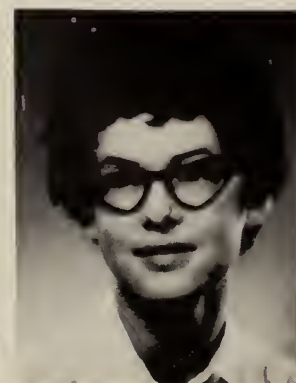
Maryann Palanica
Waadstack

Arlene Parkinsan
Port Dover

Marga Penney
Windsor

Elaine Padalsky
Riverside

Sally Pansford
Kingsville





Shirley Postin
Sornio



Diano Reed
Leomington



Borbaro Reichel
London



Charlene Renoud
Windsor



Sandro Richardson
Tilbury



Louise Roberts
Sparto



Evongeline Roberts
Sparto



Mary Elizabeth Robinson
Porkhill



Helen Rose
London



Beverley Rawed
London



Mary Scheiring
Byron



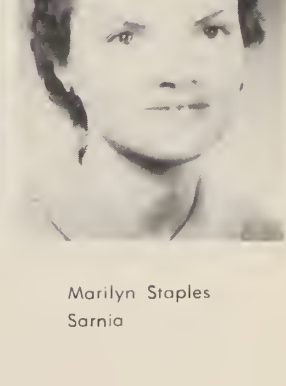
Joan Simpson
London



Sharron Sloan
Leomington



Helen Smith
London



Marilyn Staples
Sarnia



Sharon Switzer
London



Eleanor Thirlwoll
Denfield



Morgoret Thompson
London



Carol Timpson
Sarnia



Jane Tuttle
Lambeth



June Walden
Landan



Elizabeth Watsan
Lucan



Patricia Watts
Landon



Barbara Whitlaw
Landon



Barbara Williams
Landon



Constance Wright
Landon

Form 11

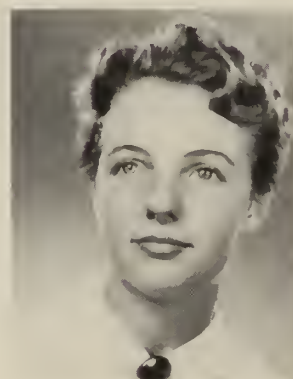
Elizabeth Abrams
Sarnia

Mary Dianne Arndt
Kitchener

Joan Hague (Mrs)
Puce



Estelle Bauteiller
Tecumseh



Beverley L. Breen
Fingal



Jenner Breen (Mrs)
Thamesville



Norma Braaks (Mrs)
Kerwaad



Isabel Byrne
Belle River



Kathleen Cartlidge
Landon



Jaan Chittem (Mrs)
Chatham



Anne Chovanec
Oil Springs



Grayce H. Cature
Chatham



Mildred Cawdrey
Kirkton



Diona Cross
London



Isobelle Dafoe
Woodstock



Bette Jane Dalton
Grand Bend



Hazel Dauphinais
Fletcher



Betty Ilene Davis
Petrolia

Carol E. Deane (Mrs)
Ridgetown



Carol Desjardins (Mrs)
Essex



Susanna Dienesch
Dutton



Glenda Verkin (Mrs)
Thamesville



Josie Fard
Sarnia

Don F. Allen
Windsor



John E. Anderson
Muirkirk



Ernest S. Armitage
Forest



Burton L. Borthwick
Thedford



Wellington C. Capeling
Thamesville

Ronald B. Deacan
London



Walter F. Durnin
Fart Frances



Robert J. Gayeau
Landan



John J. LaBranche
Riverside



Calvin R. Lampman
Florence





David C. Mahon
Port Corling



Joseph M. Motz
Windsor

Form 12



Joan Forrest
Smaath Rock Falls



Claire Easter
Strathroy



Dorothy Fowler
London



Cotherine Gagnon
Windsor

Gail Gollagher
Windsor



Nancy E. Gardiner
Merlin



Joyce Gelina
Windsor



Narmo Gray
Port Arthur



Marjory Harper
Watford



Lucy Head
Amherstburg

Joan Ann Heslop
London



Joan Horton
Windsor



Sharron Jeffrey
Merlin



Patricia Jahnstan
Port Lambton



Mary Kane
Windsor



Mary Lou Kavanagh
Windsor



Phyllis Kwasnica
Delhi





Dora Mortha Lee
Delowore



Ann I. Levoy
Glencoe



Suzonne Loronger
Windsor



Ermo M. Luther
Porkhill



Normo Molcolm
Teeterville



Morgoret J. McCool
Londesboro



Robert W. McDonald
Windsor



John McGibbon
Sornio



Howard Pillon
Amherstburg



Lorry Vincent Provost
Chothom



Douglas Richmond
Simcoe



Wayne Schrom
Port Dover



Joseph Seward
Sornio



Michael Specht
Windsor



John Stoley
Tecumseh



Eugene Stompfer
Delhi



William Telfer
Ilderton



Herbert Timuss
Simcoe



Morion I. McIlwain
Seoforth

Form 13



Jean Ann Normandeau
Windsor



Elizabeth Oasterling
Wolloceburg



Alice Opavsky
Chotham



Morgoret Pauls
Port Rowan



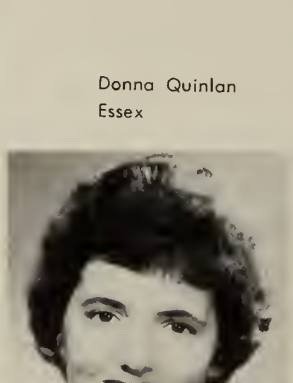
Deanno Phillips
Leomington



Louise Phillips
Delhi



Marilyn Parter
Lindsay



Donna Quinlan
Essex



Marjorie Ann Recker
Forest



Carol Ann Reid
Windsor



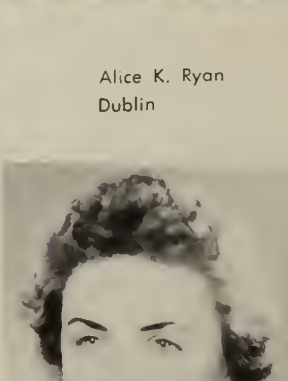
Beverley Ann Rice
Windsor



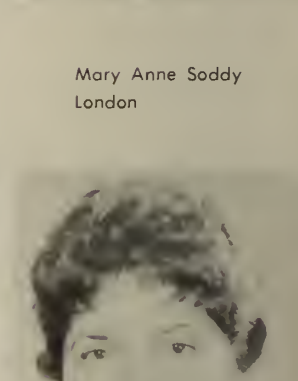
Donna Lee Riehl
Walton



Mary J. Rabinsan (Mrs)
Landon



Alice K. Ryan
Dublin



Mary Anne Soddy
London



Donata Souro
Amherstburg



Joon St. Clair
Windsor



Lois Shonnon
Quadeville



Louiso Moy Simpson
Ridgetown



Jeonette Steeper
Parkhill



Jaanne I. Stephens
Merlin



Frances N. Styles
Windsor



Janet Toward
Chatham



Mary Ulicny
Windsor



Margaret Wade
Hearst

Nicky Welten
St. Thomas



Carole White
Landon



Marian Wiedrick
Norwich



Margaret Wiens
Leamington



SR. VINCENTIA Foran
Landon

SR. M. THOMAS Hagan
Landon



SR. ANN THERESE Mader
Landon



SR. M. DOLORES O'Sullivan
Landon



SR. M. PATRICK Sloan
Landon

Form 14

Elizabeth Agacs
Petalia



Dareen Allan
St. Thomas



Marianne Allen
Landon



Patricia Alzner
Landon



Helen Anderson
Parry Sound





Sue Arnald
Landon



Elizabeth Ayre
Landon



Jean Barber
Simcoe



Danna Barkasky
Essex



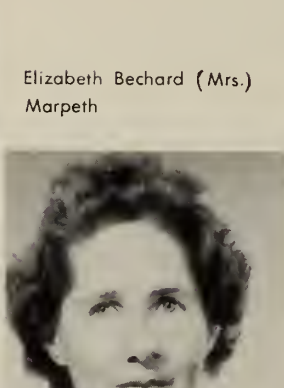
Anne Bartol
Sarnia



Frances Beagle
Vittaria



Judith Beal
Simcoe



Elizabeth Bechard (Mrs.)
Marpeth



Theresa Bednarz
Windsor



Louise Bell
Landon



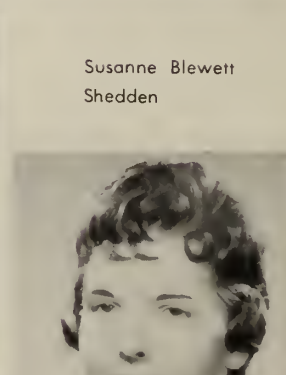
Susan Bennett
Waadstack



Janet Bergey
Bathwell



Patricia Blake
Sarnia



Susanne Blewett
Shedden



Joan Bolt
St. Thomas



Barbara Basselaar
Chatham



Jayce Baughner
Tillsanburg



Albert Ambedian
Windsor



Rae Axfard
St. Thomas



Richard Ayearst
St. Thomas



Mike Balo
Windsor



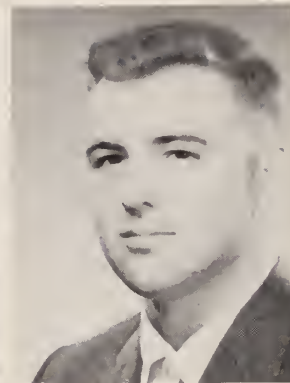
William Barber
Waterford



Fred Barlow
Niagara Falls



John Bates
Windsar



Paul Bowden
Windsor



Allen Bedford
Chothom



David Benny
Thorndole



Peter Bering
Windsar



Robert Bloomfield
Byron



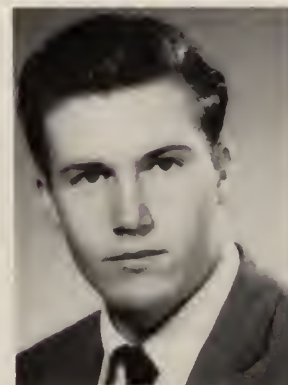
James Bosman
West Lorne



David Brown
Kingsmill



Wayne Burgess
London



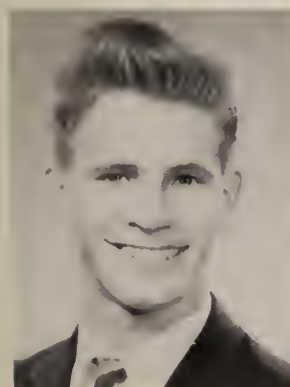
Simon Burson
Norwich



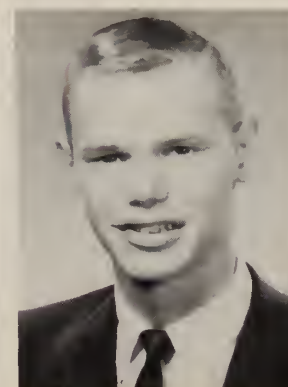
Stephen Campbell
Kingsville



Joseph Corr
Appin



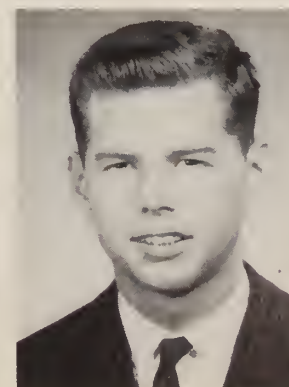
Reginold Cartmole
Embro



Dale Cannors
London



Jack Cook
London



Wayne Cranston
London



Arthur Crosbie
Waterford



William Arnold
Sarnia

Form 15



Jaan Brady
Windsor



Rosemarie Broustein
Chothom



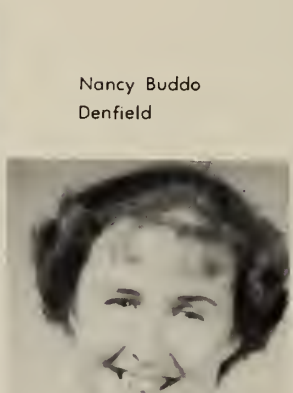
Lynn Brawn
Riverside



Jonet Buck
Brantford



Jean Budd
Ingersoll



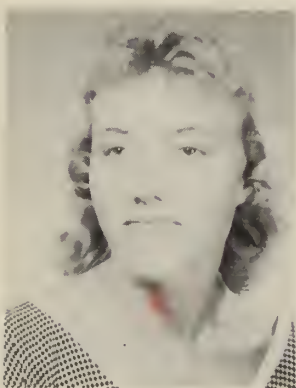
Nancy Buddo
Denfield



Jo Buesink
Strathroy



Jean Campbell
London



Patricia Campbell
London



Elizabeth Carter
Chothom



Marlene Coverhill
Ilderton



June Chapmon
Windsor



Carolyn Chorlton
Hespler



Marguerite Chisholm
London



Julie Chmilnitzky
Windsor



Allison Clarke
Brownsville



Carol Clements
Aberfeldy



Miriam Collins
Windsor



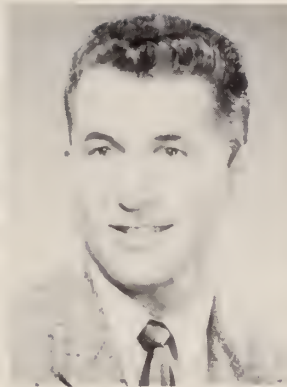
Alice Camartin
Staney Paint



Edno Camo
Turnerville



Ann Coaper
Landon



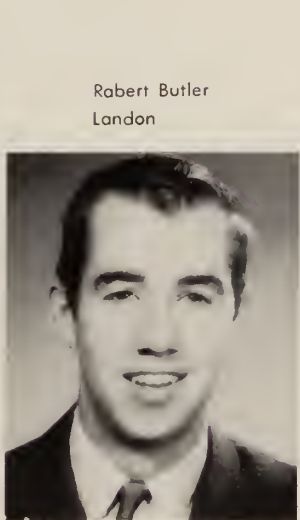
Gerold Davis
Arvo



Carman Dix
Chotham



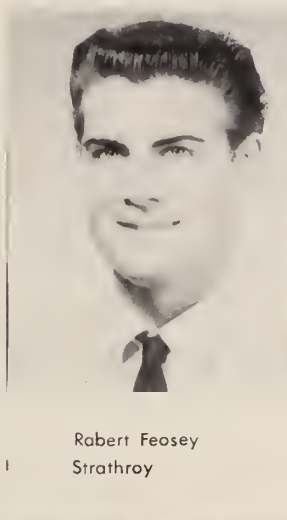
Arthur Dowds
St. Thamos



Robert Butler
Landon



Gregg Ewort
Landon



Robert Feosey
Strathroy



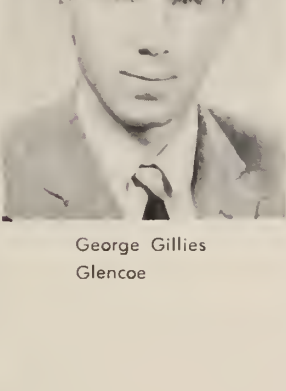
Joseph Federmann
Kingsville



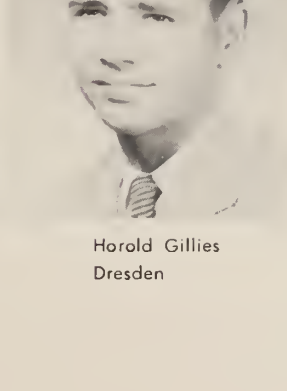
Larry Faste
Leomington



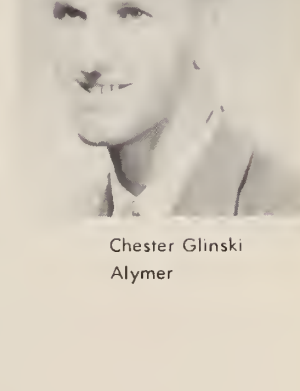
Robert N. Geddes
Porry Saund



George Gillies
Glencoe



Harold Gillies
Dresden



Chester Glinski
Alymer



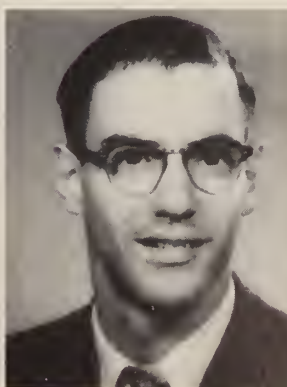
Donald A. Graham
Dutton



Gary D. Grant
St. Thamas



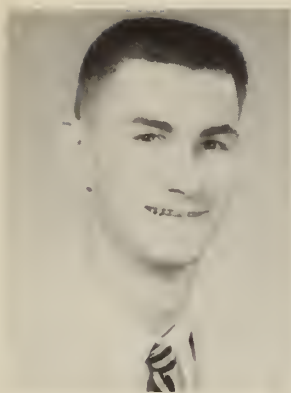
Harry Haynes
Darchester



James R. Hording
Parkhill



George Hess
Landon



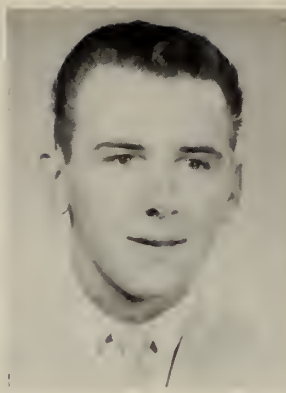
Eric Hodgson
Leamington



John Howe
Chatham



Malcolm B. Huffman
Blenhiem



Douglas Humphrey
Straffordville



Carman Hutchison
St. Thamos



Ronold Isooc
Parkhill

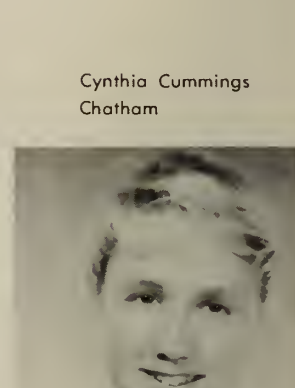


Doug Corsout
Ilderton

Form 16



Gayle Culliton
St. Marys



Cynthia Cummings
Chatham



Joan De Lo Fronier
Belle River



Ellen Deming
Simcoe



Erno Derksen
Leamington



Diane Disher
Chatham



Donno Disher
Chatham



Donno Doerr
Inwood



Joon Dunlop (Mrs)
Arkona



Olgo Dzis
Windsor



Peggy Eodinger
Ridgetown



Sharon Eagleson
Porkhill



Sue Ellen Echlin
Chothom



Mory Jone Elley
Chothom



Shirley Elliott
Petrolio



Potricio Ewosyke
Windsor



Elizabeth Fonson
Windsor



Jeon Feddemo
Kerrwood



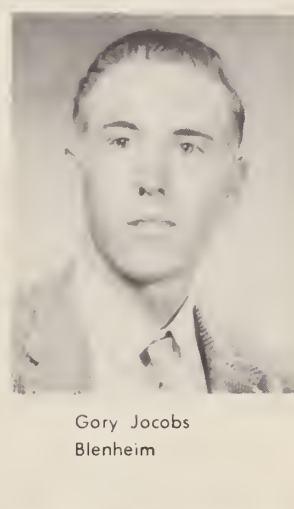
Irene Feher
Amherstburg



Lois Fewster
Norwich



Morgoret Fishback
Tillsonburg



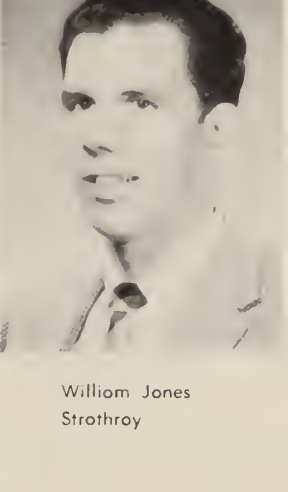
Gory Jacobs
Blenheim



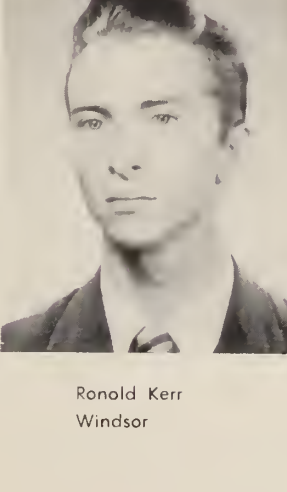
Frank Johnson
Windsor



Douglos Jones
London



William Jones
Strothroy



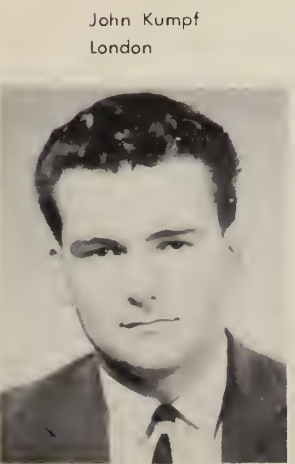
Ronald Kerr
Windsor



Ronald J. King
London



Thomas W. Knight
Windsor



John Kumpf
London



James Kurok
Windsor



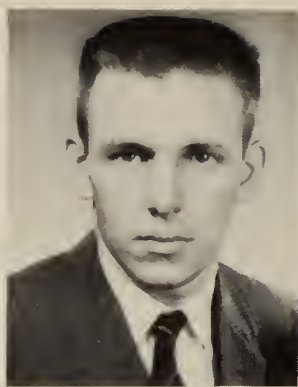
Bruce Lewis
London



Harry Lipsit
Tillsonburg



Donald Matthews
Aylmer



Wayne McCallum
London



Blake McKoy
Forest



John Barlow
London



Edmond McMath
Chothom



George Gaddard
London



James McVicar
London

William Meaden
Leamington



Peter Miller
St. Thomas



Lorry Monger
London



Ian Charles Nable
London



Wilfred O'Brien
Chatham



Wayne King
Dorchester

Reta Fitzgerald
St. Marys



Form 17

Esther Forrest
Millbank



Irma Friesen
Leamington



Doreen Frost
Woodstock



Peggy Galbraith
London



Motie Geene
Chothom





Carolyn Gibbs
Parkhill



Margaret Gilbert
Tillsonburg



Isabel Glaesner (Mrs)
Landan



Carolyn Grabowiecki
Windsar



Marilyn Grainger
Windsar



Annie Grant
Windsar



Patricia Greer
Blenheim



Nancy Greven
Chatham



Donna Giptan
Strathray



Pauline Halfpenny
Windsar



Nancy Hall
Waterford



Carolyn Jamieson
Coldstream



Clarene Hardcastle
Part Stanley



Karen Harris
Tillsonburg



Patricia Hart
Tilbury



Carol Hartsell
Mair



Anne Harvey
Union



Ronald Orr
Landan



Walter Parsans
London



Stephen Payne
Windsar



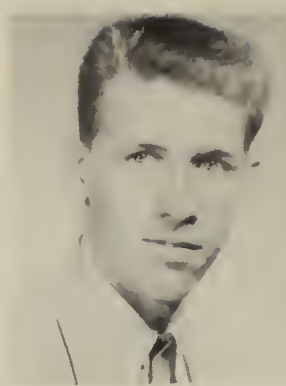
Eric Reaume
Landon



James Ricketts
St. Thomas



Donald Riddle
Ingersoll



David Ripley
Dutton



Brooke Rothwell
London



Gerald Savage
Waadstock



Rudolf Schaeubinger
London

Paul Shearan
Ingersoll



Douglas Sheppard
Simcoe



Dale Shuttleworth
Windsor



Thomas Simpson
St. Thomas



Gordon Sims
St. Thomas



Kenneth Smith
Windsor

Keith Snell
Forest



Edward Sowo
London



Narman Steeves
Port Colbourne



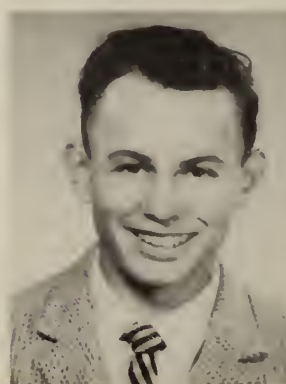
James Stewart
Windsor



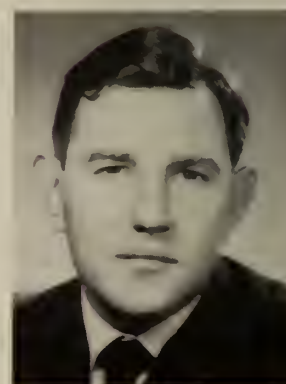
Edward Stofega
Windsor



Anthony Strootman
Wotford



Colin Duquemin
London



Form 18



Patricia Harvey
Burgessville



Jean Hastings
Highgate



Edith Hayman (Mrs.)
Landon



Joan Heal
Sarnia

Maria Hess (Mrs.)
Landon

Eileen Hill
Landon

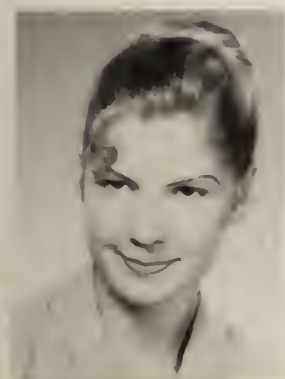
Mary Jean Hitch
St. Thomas



Sandra Hagg
Narwich



Shirley Hogg
Thamesford



Geraldine Hagland
Dutton



Una Haaver
Landon



Barbara Haultan
Thamesford



Jay Hubbel
Landon



Tineke Huiting
Staney Paint



Beverley Hull
Windsar



Louise Hyde
Kippen



Marilyn Hyndman
Narwich



Nancy Innis
Otterville



Jayce Ians
Chatham

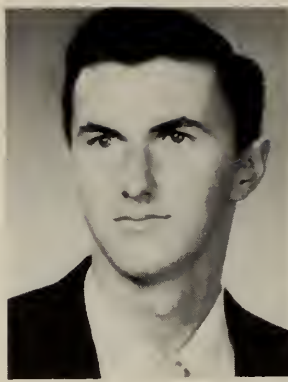




Beverley Irish
Aylmer



Nodine Irvine
Colborne



Wayne Stuart
Chothom



Patrick Sweeney
London



Jerry Thar
London



William Thorburn
Windsor

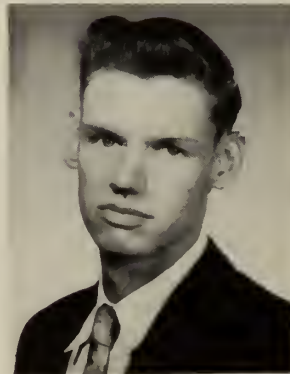


Robert Thicknor
London

Richard Todd
Forest



Cloir Utter
Norwich



Ronald Walker
Glencoe



Donald Ward
Aylmer



William Watts
Tillsonburg



Br. Gregory Weisenbarn
Aylmer

David Wheeler
St. Marys



Fred Whitbourn
Mt. Brydges



David White
Windsor



Morley Wills
Dresden



Leslie Wintanyk
Windsor



Borrie Wilcox
St. Thomas



Doug Nelson
London





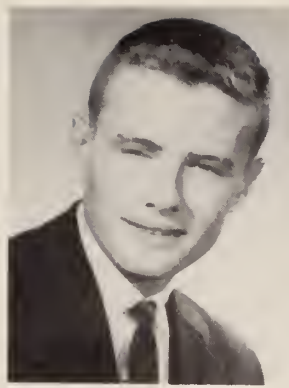
Kenneth Wamack
Windsor



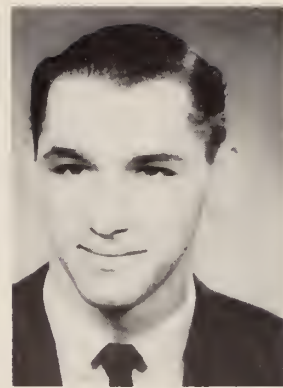
Mante Wright
Landon



Racklyn Young
Waterford



William Young
Windsor



Ron Riberdy
Windsor

Marilyn Irwin
Blenheim



Anita Janzen
Kingsville



Elvira Jonzen
Leamington



Freida Johnson
Landon

Form 19

Patsy Louise Jahnstan
Eberts



Ruth Jahnstan
Landon



Koren Jordan
Chatham



Olive Kaiser
Brantford



Nancy Kendrick
Guelph

Gale Kerr
Chatham



Margaret Keys
Ridgetown



Winnifred Kincoide
Landon



Morgoret Ann Knox
London



Helen Kanrad
Leamington





Shirley Kornelsen
Leomington



Donna Ladd
Dresden



Elizabeth Lambert
Windsor



Lois Eva Landon
Simcoe



Lynne Lavaie
Landon



Pat Lavaie
Landon



Carolyn Lawrence
Landon

Marjary Elaine Lawrence
Embra



Mary Wanda Lawrence
Zurich



Ruth Lazenby
Narwich



Linda Leith
St. Thomas



Gail Lewis
Chatham



Paula Lewis
Radney

Gaye Liesemer
Galt



Shirley Lightfoot
Alvinston



Linda Lithgaw
Leamington



Carol Little
Salford



Donna Little
Maidstone



Judith Lacke
Poris





Mary Loft
Ildertan



Nina Lakun
Windsor



Brenda Lonsbery
Harrow



Dorothy Anne Lowes
Burgessville

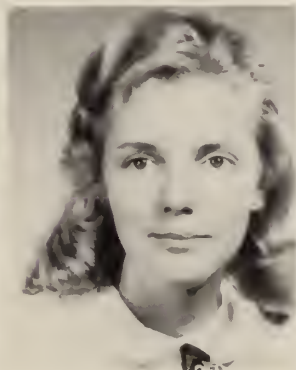


Susanno Lutsch
Windsor

Marilyn MacDonald
Wotford



Koren Lee MacKenzie
Petrlio



Beverley MacLean
Point Edward



Sandro Ruth MacMillan
London



Sharan Moddock
Alvinson

Catherine Mork
West Lorne



Kathleen Marr
Wyecombe



Bernice Morsland
Brownsville



Jean Mortin
Burford

Form 20

Morilyn McArthur
West Lorne



Margaret McCallum
Belmont



Jockeline McEochron
Sarnia



Mortho-Anne McHole
London



Morionne McKibban
Wingham





Isabella McLandress
Dutton



Sandra AnnMcLean
Sarnia



Carole Ann McLeod
Ingersoll



Margaret McLead
Galt



Borbaro Joon McQueen
Strathroy



Adele Melache
Amherstburg



Marian Meyers
Sarnia

Sandra Miller
Landon



Carolyn Minielly
Wyoming



Mary Grace Moretti
London



Jaan Saphie Murphy
Jeannette's Creek



Margaret Anne Murray
Woodstack



Marga Ann Murray
Windsor

Janett Neil
Chatham



Anita Neufeld
Leamington



Mary Lucille Quellette
Amherstburg



Sheila Parent
Windsor



Jacqueline Porker
Landon



Dianne L. Parry
Chatham



Valerie Pattison
Sarnia





Mary Helen Payne
Strathray



Patricia Helen Payne
Landan



Beverley Pelton
Thamesford



Catharina Penner
Part Rowan



Danna Perritt
Bothwell

Evelyn Pfeifer
West Lorne

Jaan Pitcher
Tillsanburg

Olga Palywjany
Welland



Margaret Powell
Merlin



Karen Lea Quance
Delhi



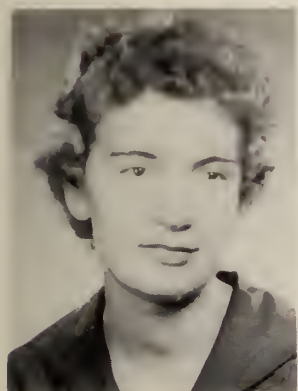
Helen E. Radder
Blenheim



Julyan Paale
Waadstack



Judith Paale
Landan



Mary Rose Powell
Ailsa Craig

Ruth Powers
Tillsanburg

Carol Purbrick
Windsar

Elizabeth Richard (Mrs.)
Windsar



Form 21



Janet Ringrose
Windsor



Janet Rinker
Sarnia



Foith Ripley
Dutton



Marilyn Roe
Blenheim



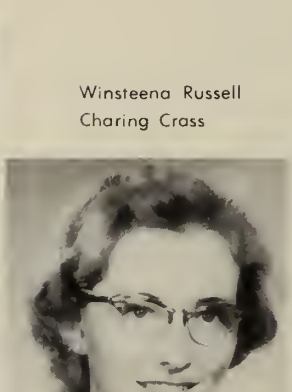
Anne Rogin
Windsor



Patricia Rasaforte (Mrs.)
Ruscamb



Joan Rathwell
Riverside



Winsteena Russell
Charing Cross



Ruth Anne Soles
Ingersoll



Marie Salmon
Dashwood



Jeonne Sault
Chatham



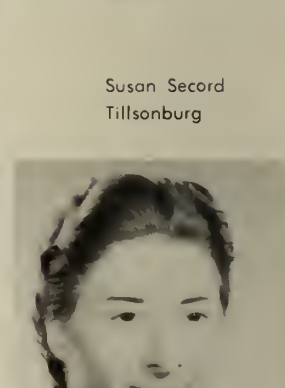
Groce Schipper
Port Stanley



Korla Schalze
Chatham



Elizabeth Scott
Mount Elgin



Susan Secord
Tillsonburg



Maureen Shakespeare
London



Sharan Shaufler
Tilbury



Pam Shepherd
Windsor



Betty Simpson
Fanshowe



Joanne Sims
Kingsville



Lindo Sims
London



Margaret Slomon
London



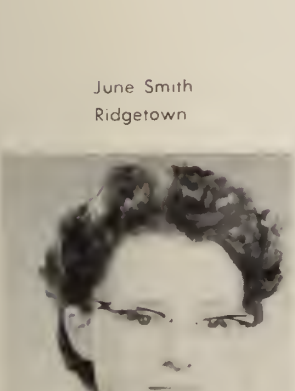
Belle Smith
Windsor



Claire Smith
London



Judy Smith
Chothom



June Smith
Ridgetown



Nency Smith
Windsor



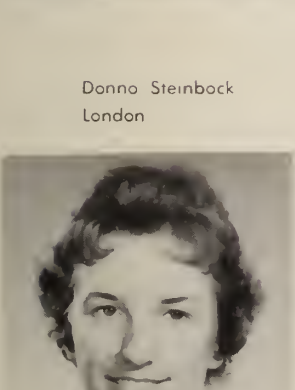
Mory Margaret Spence
Ridgetown



Ruth Spicer
Thomesford



Sandra Stannard
London



Donno Steinback
London



Morgoret Stephens
Port Bruce



Geroldine Stephenson
Port Stanley



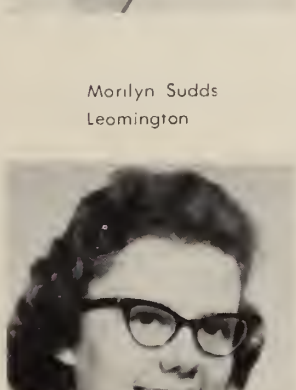
Diono Stewart
Levack



Donno Jeon Stover
Muirkirk



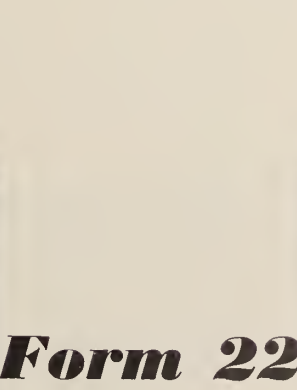
Alberto Stinson
Harriston



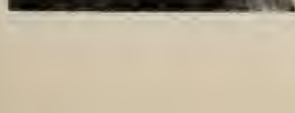
Morilyn Sudds
Leomington



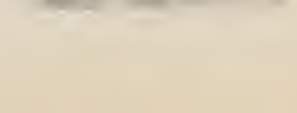
Ann Sutherland (Mrs.)
Stt. Thomas



Judy Switzer
Port Arthur



Form 22





Shirley Talbot
London



Donna Taylor
Petrolia



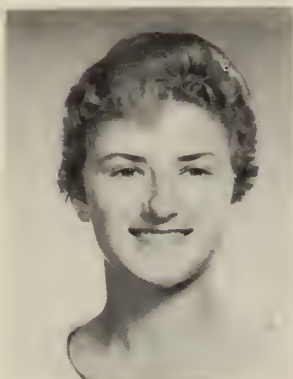
Laura Taylor
Tillsanburg



Jean Teran
Windsar



Helen Teigrab
Part Rowan



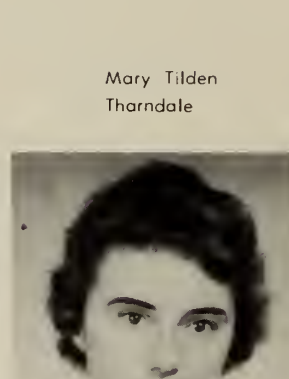
Irene Louise Thiessen
Wheatley



Bernice Thomas
Ildertan



Marilyn Thompson
London



Mary Tilden
Tharndale



Sharon Tilley
London



Judith Trawbridge
Sarnia



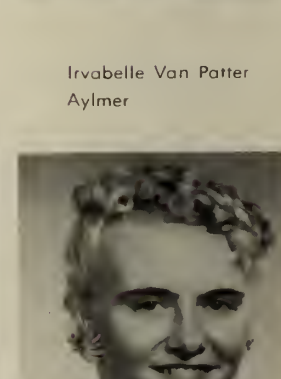
Jean Tully
Essex



Iris Turtan
Sarnia



Grace-Marie Turner
Merlin



Irvabelle Van Patter
Aylmer



Laurie Vrooman
Port Arthur



Helen Vsetula
Blenheim



Sheila Wainwright
London



Dixie Walch
Aylmer



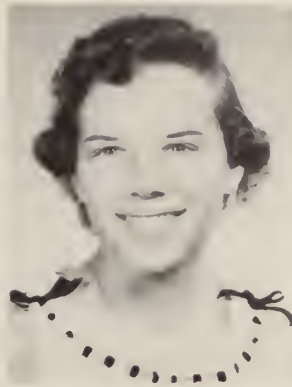
Patricia Walter
St. Williams



Donno Ward
Windsor



Luella Watson
St. Thomas



Ruth Watson
Wheatley



Vivian Watson
Forest



Doreen Webb (Mrs.)
London

Elizabeth Welbourn
Chatham



Barbara Joyce West
Windsor



Jaan Whittington
Guelph



Susan Wigle
Amherstburg



Grace Ann Wiley (Mrs.)
London

Lenore Wilkinson
Leominston



Susan Williams
Thomsville



Donno Wilson
Aylmer



Miriam Wilson
London



Margaret Wilson (Mrs.)
Landan

Janet Wood
Naponee



Nancy Yager
Windsor



Olly Yuworsky
Windsor



Marion Yungblut
Zurich



Barbara Mae Zakaw
Essex





MO. Mary Peter
Sarnia



SR. Catherine Labaure
Windsor

Muriel Perritt
Dresden



SCHOOL SONG

Hail to London Teachers' College
Sing her praises to the sky
Where we come to
Grow in knowledge
And good fellowship runs high.
We're the cream of all you dream of
In our sports and studies too;
We will never never fold
Watch the crimson and the gold
Who are we? L. T. C!

Tune: All the Nice Girls Love A Sailor

Memories

Exciting events of former years
Echo through the halls,
Happy grads shed silent tears,
To leave the snug, safe walls.

Dances and parties come to mind,
And slowly drowse the brain,
While in a flash we seem to find
The past year back again.

Remembering the friends we hold so dear,
Times that mean so much,
And yet we clamour to be near
The goal we aim to clutch.

The goal we speak of is success,
Something often sought,
But something which we must confess,
Just never can be bought.

So well recalled are nights of thought
When lamps burnt long and bright,
Though many a soul sweet rest it sought,
Carried on through the night.

The rejoicing sound of happy groups
As holidays drew near,
The thought of marks which caused the whoops
To turn to sudden fear.

Student teacher's trembling fears,
Master at the back,
Pupils acting like innocent dears
Until you turn your back.

Your memories we hope won't fade,
Don't let them pass as fads,
In these in which all hopes are made;
Farewell, farewell dear grads.

By Malcolm Cleghorn

Student Parliament



Back Row, left to right: Al Kish, Bob Gayeau, Bernie Mackler, Jack Hawe, Wayne Cranston, Bob McCaig, Ran Pronger, Les Wintanyk, William Telfer.
Centre Row, left to right: Lynn Irwin, Linda Shepley, Mr. Hyde, Eleanore Liman, Jim Armstrong, Annie Grant, Dave Fickling, Jim McVicar, Mr. Biehl.
Front Row, left to right: Sandy Dagley, Mary Robinson, Elaine Podalsky, Claire Smith, Marianne McKibban, Jacqueline Wilkins.

Student Parliament

Your Parliament is the top student executive in the school. Through its control of finances, it supervises every other organized student group. Each of the other societies presents its plans together with its budget to Parliament for approval. To show how carefully Parliament studies the spending of your money, just consider what every student gets for his ten dollar fee: admission with guest to three formal dances with orchestras, four other school parties, all athletic events and supply of uniforms, equipment and transportation to teams, graduation banquet, entertainment of parents and family, student directory, graduating gift to the school -- and finally, the Yearbook which you are now reading.

Another important function of your Parliament is to act as clearing house between staff and students. Student suggestions and occasional grievances are taken by Members of Parliament to your governing body. There they are considered by Parliament, and if passed, are taken on to Mr. Biehl. In the same way, suggestions for bettering our school life are brought from the staff by Mr. Biehl our advisor and counsellor for Parliament's consideration.

A minor but very time-consuming service which your Parliament renders you is the distribution of school crests, rings, Christmas cards, etc. Your Parliament also directs the culminating social event of the year -- the graduation banquet when we all sit together to sum up the memories of this great experience we have had together.

Jim McVicar
Vice Prime Minister



Executive

Left to right: Jim Armstrong, Treasurer; Jim McVicar, Vice Prime Minister; Annie Grant, Secretary; Dave Fickling, Prime Minister; Mr. Biehl, Staff Advisor.

Yearbook



Yearbook Staff

Back Row, left to right: Shannon Olson, Bob Goddard, Monte Wright, John McGibbon, Mr. Laforet.

Centre Row, left to right: Sondra Kuntz, Ann Turner, Ruth Johnston, Bob Brooks, Frank Johnson, Donno Jean Stover, Allison Clarke, Malcolm Cleghorn, Mr. McKeown, Miss Buck, Diane Hill.

Front Row, left to right: Helen Rose, Isobel Glaesner, Eileen Hill, Irene Thiessen, Elizabeth Oosterling, Julie Poole, Terry Bednarz, Judy Woodley.

The Yearbook Staff was one of the quietest groups in the college. Anyone observing us collectively would conclude that we were a smooth running, well organized group. Observing each person individually would dispell this theory very quickly and reveal us as we were - glassy-eyed, short tempered and sick of reading, writing and looking at pictures. Deadline never failed to bring out the worst in all of us. Tears were shed, hair was pulled out, heads were beaten against walls and vocabularies reduced to a few, very few words. Despite all this desperation and violence we enjoyed working on the Spectrum, with each other and with our staff advisors, Miss Buck and Mr. McKeown. And now, seeing the Spectrum as a published book instead of pages of carefully drawn squares and not very well typed copy, we feel that every effort was very much worth while.



Yearbook Executive

Back Row, left to right: Malcolm Cleghorn, Secretary; Frank Johnson, Treasurer; Mr. McKeown, Miss Taylor, Miss Singer, Miss Buck, Staff Advisors;

Front Row, left to right: Donno Jean Stover, Allison Clorke, Editors

Stage Crew



During 1959-60, it was the aim of the stage crew to give the best lighting possible for all auditorium events. This was the group that many times blinded the speakers on stage with a great deal of candle power, but made that person easily seen from the seating decks.

The patience of the stage crew was often reduced to a minimum because of the maddening requests for twenty-odd shades of light - all at the same time. In spite of the difficulties, every member of the stage crew thoroughly enjoyed his job throughout the year. Crew members learned to take orders, to better appreciate lighting schemes, to maintain patience, to work quickly and silently and to remain calm under pressure.

Crew Chief - Dale Shuttleworth
Stage Director - Brother Gregory
Lighting Director - Tom Simpson
Chief Emeritus - Dave Fickling
Staff Advisor - Mr. Massey

Crew

Arnold Hull
Dave Ewald
Allen Bedford

Harry Haynes
Bob Ticknor
Pete Millar

Bob McDonald
Don Ward
Bud LaBranche

Teacher's Christian Fellowship



The T.C.F. club met regularly for the purpose of Christian fellowship and Bible study. Our function in the College was to tell more of Christ and how He died for our salvation.

At our meetings, we had panel discussions and speakers such as Jim Blackwood from London Youth for Christ and Pastor Wedge from Wortley Street Baptist Church. Films such as "Monkey Business" which illustrated the Bible's opinions on evolution, were shown. Besides these more serious aspects, we enjoyed social meetings. Also, we presented a carol sing-song programme for the entire school in the auditorium.

We of T.C.F. are thankful for the co-operation of Mr. Carnahan, our counsellor and Miss Bergey who allowed us the use of her room in the past year. We hope that we made some contribution to this school year of 1960, in London Teachers' College.



Front row, left to right: Mr. L. MacDawell, Jean McHarg, Ruth Watson, Darathy Czinaz, Dalares Batsan, Grace Anne Wiley, Jaanne Sims, Shirley Talbat, Elaine Lawrence, Susan Wigle, Marilyn McArthur, Kitty Kaiser.
 Second row, left to right: Jaan Rathwell, Danna Little, Jaan Horton, Nadine Irvine, Helen Raddar, Alice Ryan, Margaret Wade, Sandra Stannard, Diana Crass, Patricia Payne, Danna Ladd, Margaret Knox.
 Third row, left to right: Danna Barkosky, Margaret Cushman, Jean Budd, Nancy Grevin, Joanne Stephens, Mary Robinsan, Carolyn Minielly, Sallie Maffat, Isabelle Dafae, Inez Ferguson, Anita Neufeld, Marlene Caverhill.
 Back row, left to right: Winsteen Russell, Erna Derksen, Carol Hayden, Elvira Janzen, Linda Sims, Karen Quance, June Stirling, Joy MacPhersan, Melinda Craig, Vivian Watson, Sharan Shaufler, Irene Thiessen, Helen Teigrob.

Margaret Cushman
 Joan Eastcott
 Tom Beer
 Brooke Rothwell

Tom Beer — Tenor
 Brooke Rothwell — Lead
 Wayne Stuart — Baritone
 Don Ward — Bass

The year 1959-60 will long be remembered, as one of London Teachers' College's most successful years, musically. In addition to a magnificent mixed choir of seventy voices, we were fortunate to have a fine female choir, a vibrant male quartette, and a thriving record listening group.

The fall term was highlighted by a guest spot with the London Civic Symphony Orchestra, and our Christmas Concert at the annual "Open House." The audience was captivated with such festive favourites as "The Little Drummer Boy", and Fred Waring's arrangement of "The Night Before Christmas."

As we moved into the spring term, promises of even greater things to come were all about us. In the midst of careful rehearsal of "O Magnify the Lord," and "God of Our Fathers" came the announcement of an upcoming half-hour TV performance, sometime during the spring. It was rumoured that the male quartette would vie for five minutes of this broadcast, to bring such barber-shop familiars as "Coney Island Baby," "Girl of my Dreams," and "Honey Chile." The choir would also be called upon for numerous radio performances, both "live" and "taped," as well as several personal appearances.

In our final term, we upheld the College tradition of singing at two church services on Mother's Day, and again at the Graduation ceremonies.

The deepest appreciation is due our music director Mr. MacDowell. Not only are the choirs, the quartette, and the record club thankful, but the gratitude of the entire student body is recorded in memory for his tireless contributions to the music programme.

May this outstanding musical year serve us and inspire us as we are entrusted with the intellectual upbringing of a new generation. May this same new generation, in the years to come, look back, and say of us, that we have encouraged the love of music in each of them, that they may appreciate the role of this fine art in a new complex world.

GLEE CLUB



Mixed Choir

Front Row, left to right: Joan Hague, Betty Simpson, Rose Jean Simpson, Nadine Irvine, Margaret Cushman, Lynn Halland, Miriam Collins, Mary Louise Kavanaugh, Jean Tegar, Evangeline Roberts, Virginia Anderson.

Second Row, left to right: Jaanne Voegel, Elvira Janzen, Helen Kanrad, Alice Opavsky, Ruth Lazenby, Lois Fewster, Carol Hartsel, Sandra Kuntz, Elaine Webster, Karen Quance, June McQuiggan.

Third Row, left to right: Ann Cooper, Janet Neil, Anita Neufeld, Erna Derksen, Patsy Johnson, Jean Shave, Margaret Pauls, Elaine Slater, Miriam Wilson, Donna Phoenix, Donna Steinback, Mr. L. MacDowell.

Fourth Row, left to right: Ronald Deacon, John Staley, Douglas Richmond, Ronald Riberdy, Tam Beer, James Cushman, Ronald King, Wayne Schram, Douglas Ball, Donald Ward, Brooke Rathwell, Larry Monger, Jerry Guenther, Calvin Lampman.

Back Row, left to right: Larry Provast, Douglas Rawbattam, William Telfer, Monte Wright, Robert Bloomfield, Wayne Stewart, Paul Bawden, Wellington Capeling, Donald Matthews, Bob McDonald, Donald Coghill, Peter Antaya, Robert Seiden.

Record Listening Club



The Record Listening Club, was organized in the spring term, and met on Wednesdays and Fridays. An extensive study of the composers from the Classical, Romantic, and Modern periods, was carried out; each of us considered that we had gained much as the result of such a programme.

The deepest thanks and appreciation go to our musical director, Mr. MacDowell, on behalf of the choirs, the quartette, the record club, and the student body as a whole, for his unending contributions to the musical program carried out this year.

"Laugh With Leacock" was the chosen title of Form Seven's literary effort. The presentation was tremendously funny - anything to do with Leacock always is, so it had good audience appeal on this score. And yet, it certainly had its educational merits, too. Every Canadian, teachers especially, ought to know the life and works of Sephen Leacock - one of our most celebrated authors.

The narration of Leacock's biography formed the unifying thread of the presentation. Each stage of his literary development was dealt with and in order to illustrate the progressive phases, five of his most famous works were adapted to the stage in the form of short plays which were performed by the students of Form Seven. The selections are as follows: "Boarding House Geometry," "Oxford As I See It," "We have With Us To-night," "Insurance Up To Date," and the hilarious "My Financial Career." Staging highlights consisted of black-outs and using spotlights to pin-point individuals. There was 100% class participation in this meritorious assembly.



Form eight commenced this year's series of literary presentations with "A History of Education." The theme was highly interesting to new students, as it gave them a recapitulation of the formost theories and personalities which have moulded their chosen profession to make it what it is to-day -- an idealistic, responsible and absorbing life work.

As the narrator introduced the various important educators from Plato to the present, a time scroll was unrolled across the stage. A series of spokesmen gave a "thumb-nail" sketch of the life, philosophies and lasting contributions of each man. The general narrator, between introductions, discussed very briefly several other educators not shown on the time chart.

Main participants in this presentation were: R. A. Seiden, Gloria Dawson, Norma Cowan, Joe Loosemore, Doug Kennedy, Doug Stokes, Arnold Ward, Tom Timbrell, Effie Fishback, Keith Laidlaw, and Louise Daniels.

"Hail to London Teachers' College" - and so through the school corridors echoed the strains of our school song.

On November 28, a different musical chorus was heard when the curtain opened on Form 9's literary effort: "Pedagogues Past Progress."

From the singing of the old Normal School song the programme evolved to show an art and physical education lesson as conducted according to the methods of another period. The last scene depicted the ending of the school year - "The Promenade." Beautiful dresses of the early 1900's were worn by the girls and the men were dressed in tails and silk hats to contrast. The programme was enthusiastically received by an attentive audience.





In keeping with the Hallcwe'en theme on October 30, Form ten presented to the student body "Witchcraft Through the Ages." The scene opened with a wild witches' dance. The mood of evil unreality was intensified by the eerie music and lighting. The harsh humour of the scene soon followed when the persecution of witches was depicted by a mock trial.

Gaiety prevailed at last when the sophisticated witches of today demonstrated their charms in a beatnik nightclub scene. Their antics and witty quips delighted the attentive audience.

The Fabulous 50's dawned again when Form 11 reawakened an era darkened by the Korean War, the death of King George and the outbreak of the Hungarian Revolution. Interspersed with such grim events were the musical offerings of this modern age. A gay cascade of falling leaves provided an effective backdrop for one of the 50's more wistful songs "Autumn Leaves." The lighting, mapwork and ageless silhouette of Churchill with his famous victory sign helped make November 13 endeavour most pleasant.



"Fresh Variable Winds," a mental health playlet, was produced by Form 12. This play typified the kind which could be used at a home and school meeting to provide entertainment and instruction. The climate of the home was the theme of this presentation. In it the father is lead to realize that his role is not merely a material one and he begins to give to his son the affection and understanding which was previously lacking. The cast included Gene Stampler, Dora Lee, Larry Provost, Mary Lou Kavanaugh and Suzanne Loranger.



Most unusual sound effects introduced Form 13's news story "A look at the world." These were two recorded bomb explosions - one depicting the hydrogen bomb, the other, the population explosion in Africa and Asia. Commentator Margaret Wade briefly presented statistics pertaining to these troubled areas. Three groups represented the Asiatic countries of Indonesia, Japan and China, first as they were before the advent of the Europeans, later showing the changing desires and attitudes as European influence was felt and finally as they struggle today between Democracy and Communism. Next, the mural map of Africa was spot-lighted and while a taped voice presented conditions in Ghana, Rhodesia and South Africa, groups of actors pantomimed the struggles taking place there between black and white.

It was obvious that much work had gone into the preparation and presentation of this literary.



Form 14 chose as their literary theme "Dancing Through the Ages." The curtains opened on a very effective caveman scene with rocks and skins as backdrop. Following this were samples of well known dances such as the Indian war dance, the waltz, and the Charleston. Stories and information regarding the different dances were given by a commentator. The last scene introduced all members of the production in their costumes and credit was given to master of ceremonies, Art Crosbie and to Al Bedford who controlled the lighting.

Undoubtedly, most pupils in elementary schools have learned something of the climate and industries of Canada, but what more interesting way to learn about our country than through the folk songs of each province - the theme of Form 15's literary presentation of Feb. 12, 1960.

Indicative of Canada's racial heritage are the songs of her people. The life of the gay French habitant was glimpsed in the song, "Youpe, youpe, Sur La Riviere," and that of the Newfoundland fisherman in "I'se the Bcy that Builds The Boat."

Who could have any doubt about the delightful climate of either the Northwest Territories or the Prairies after listening to, "When the Ice Worms Nest Again," or, "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie."

An added feature of this very enjoyable presentation was the distribution of programmes to the very attentive audience.



Saint Patrick's Day, though rich in religious significance, has become traditionally a day celebrated for its touch of whimsical Irish humour as typified by mischievous leprechauns, gleaming pots of gold, and the intrinsic source of Ireland's fame, the shamrock.

As a tribute to this fanciful time of year, Form 16 presented a gay Irish play in which a fair colleen falls in love with a Park Avenue sophisticate. Employed as a maid, this pretty miss wove her way through an atmosphere of green into a happy Cinderella like ending.

Taking part in this delightful comedy were Bill Meaden, Frank Johrison, Sue Echlin, Donna Doerr, Pat Ewoskye, Ron King and Liz Fanson.



On March 4, Form 18 presented to the student body a very thought-provoking programme on one of the more controversial issues of this modern age—Communism.

The plot revolved around the questions asked by a wandering reporter in Moscow. The reporter (Wayne Steward) talks to several classes who make up the Russian populus. Illuminating answers provided the audience with new insight into such things as slave labour, Russian industry, and the role of a women in a Communist regime. Perhaps most interesting was a scene depicting a Russian polling booth, the ballots of which contained the names of candidates from only one party - the Communist. The student body was undoubtedly left with a broadening in this ideology.

That highest of honours, a standing ovation was accorded to Form 17 on the day of their production of *The Mechanicals* from Shakespear's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. In the play, country yokels adapt the fabled Grecian tradedy of Pyramus and Thisbe to script and transform it into a comedy. The cast of nine adequately brought out the wit and humour proven by the waves of laughter that swept over the footlights, but the favourites of the day were Brooke Rothwell and Gerald Savage who portrayed Pyramus and Thisbe.

The ballet of the fairy queen's attendants in the second act added a grace note. From a dreamy awakening of the dancers in an atmosphere of blue, the mood changed in a flash to that of violent storm with a flood of red light and the streaking of the soloist to the front of the stage. A lilting movement of the clown dance under the yellow light of noon slowed to the solemn Egyptian step and at length faded into a fluttering close as the dancers folded and slept. Much credit goes to Pauline Halfpenny who devised the choreography for Mendelson's music and to Dale Shuttleworth for his arrangement of superb lighting effects.

Although costuming was elaborate, in traditional Shakespearean fashion, props were at a minimum. Everything was in accordance with theatrical technicalities, from a fanfare opening to a formal curtain call and the presentation of flowers to the heroine. Perhaps the highest acclaim should be awarded to Colin Duquemin director of the presentation.



April the first was welcomed by Form nineteen's musical contribution "The Story Behind the Song." The narrator, Pat LaVoie, was indeed an original one - a "grandmother" in a rocking chair who remembered again the "good old days" of music.

With each dream came a flashing panorama of the music which typified an era. The dream emerged from the darkness of the stage into a rainbow of colour and a gay chorus of "Oh What a Beautiful Morning" followed by the sleepy lyric quality of "Summertime" as sung by Donna Ladd.

But what grandmothers dream would be complete without the music of Stephen Foster! The light hand of humour held sway at the "Camptown Races" with its motley assortment of racing enthusiasts and cloth thoroughbred. These among other songs comprised a very pleasant program.



South Pacific, Oklahoma, Carousel, The King and I -- these immensely successful Broadway musicals are fast becoming stage classics. The lilting melodies are danced to, hummed and sung and played throughout Canada and the United States and it is an ambition of almost everyone to see the complete theatre productions.

Form 20's literary was a resume of the life and works of that famous team - Rogers and Hammerstein, the men that created those musicals.

Rogers and L. Hart composed Babes in Arms and Pal Joey. Hammerstein first worked with Jerome Kern to produce Showboat and later with Sigmund Romberg in the motion picture Desert Song. Rogers asked for Hammerstein's help in making the musical show of the novel Green Grow the Lilacs and Oklahoma was the result. This was the start of the series of successful enterprises that made these two men world famous.

Form 20's literary was simply another tribute paid to these musical giants. It was well done.



As their literary contribution on March 25, form 21 presented to the student body the History of Puppetry. Beginning with the shadow puppets; the original ancestor of puppetry, they illustrated very effectively their use in a brief play "The Five Chinese Brothers". An evolution to the "marionettes" followed.

The student body found a dramatization of "The Good Samaritan" an excellent way to tell a Bible story.

Finally, the effective use of hand puppets was demonstrated to a keenly enthusiastic audience.



Spring has become associated in Canada with everything from the drudgery of spring cleaning to the children's more pleasant 'Easter Bunny'.

Broadening this traditional scope, form 22, for their April 8 literary, dramatized Spring celebrations in other countries - Sweden, Mexico, and Tibet.

A gay dance typified the joy with which the Swedish people viewed the departure of Winter.

A sharp contrast was shown in Mexican culture. The stage was darkened as a dramatization of the torturous journey of the condemned Christ to the cross recreated the more sombre aspects of the Spring months.

The final scene proved very unexpected when the customs of Tibet revealed their different philosophy through a presentation of the Buddhists' Holy Mass.



March 1, 1960 was a memorable occasion for the students of London Teachers' College. The standing ovation that was given Mr. Wilson MacDonald, the famed Canadian poet, at the conclusion of his inspiring recital indicated clearly the appreciation felt by all those present.

To hear Mr. MacDonald reciting the poetry into which he has put so much of his humour, enthusiasm and love of life gave all of us a deeper insight into his works. As a life-long reminder of this occasion many students bought copies of some of Mr. MacDonald's works.

One of the most amusing and interesting assemblies was that in which Kay Ambrose, member of the National Ballet of Canada, spoke to the student body. Miss Ambrose's prime purpose was to herald the coming of the ballet to London and in order to inspire interest in the event, she drew character sketches of stars such as Lois Smith and David Adams and told of the kind of life the dancers lead. A number of dolls were used to illustrate changes in costuming and the harmful effects of poor instruction. In effect Miss Ambrose took us behind the scenes and showed us the realities of ballet. For those of us who had not been so fortunate as to become acquainted with this art, Miss Ambrose's talk was a splendid introduction.



Athletic Society



Front Row-left to right: Sue Wigle; Sheila Parent; Karen Jordan; Jonet Taward; Betty Kubis; Norma Cowan; Nancy Koning.

Second Row - left to right: Mr. Thompson; Mr. Harris; Mary Carducci; Bruce Lewis; Pam Shepherd; Don Allen; Mary Perkins; Sandra Richardsan.

Back Row - left to right: Mr. Crawford; Barrie Wilcax; Miss Prendergast; John Staley; Tom Simpson; Roe Axfard; Jahn Wilsan; Jim Blokeley; Cameron Conrad; Dan Hayes; Chester Glinski.

The Athletic Society is composed of one representative from each form and four staff advisors. Its purpose is to provide an active and varied sports programme in which all students may participate. This is accomplished through the intermural sports program. It includes basketball, volleyball and badminton. For people who are very interested in sports and show some skill in a particular field we have college teams which play in an intercollegiate league. These teams include hockey, basketball, volleyball and cheerleaders. The college teams also provide the college students with an interesting spectator sport.



Mr. Crawford, staff adviser; Miss Prendergast, staff adviser; Pam Shepherd, secretary; Bruce Lewis, president; Mary Carducci, treasurer; Don Allen, vice-president.



(L. to R.) Don Kennedy, Diane Dudley, Sharon Switzer, Sandra Miller, Gerri Menning, Marnie McHale, Joyce Boughner, Tom Beer.

Cheerleaders

Not among the least of the attributes of our school were our colourful cheerleaders. We shall not soon forget their enthusiasm in raising flagging spirits and as school years fade and become a shadow in memory, their raucous songs shall ring and ring.

Interform Sports

The interform volleyball schedule for the 1959-60 season was under the organization of Mr. Crawford.

Unlike basketball, each form had one team only, consisting of both men and women. The series was divided into three groups - A, B, C. The teams in each were picked at random. As a result of the round robin tournament, the following teams were champions in their respective divisions: Form 8 - A, Form 1 - B, Form - C.

Again special mention of the referees, umpires, scorers and timers who gave up much of their spare time, should be made.

The interform basketball schedule was played this year with each form having a boys' team as well as girls' team, and in some instances, having more than one team because of a surplus of men or women. The champions of the boys' interform basketball were the members of Form 15 who defeated Form 14 with the score of 14 to 9. The girls' basketball champions were the girls from Form 2 who defeated the 10c girls 8 to 7.

Special mention of the many referees and umpires, as well as the scorers and timers, who gave up many noon-hours to help out in their respective capacities should be made. Also much appreciation is shown to Norma Cowan and Jim Blakely who were in charge of organizing the schedule.



Basketball



Front: (L. to R.) Mr. Townshend, Jock Glover, Bob Gilson, John McLean, Jim Stewart. Back: Ron King, Bob Butler, Jock Blyth, Steve Payne, Bob Keech, Tom Timbrell.

London Teachers' College mens' basketball team won the Burns trophy this year. This was the first year that the trophy was offered for competition. Teams competing for the trophy were Hamilton, Lakeshore, Toronto, and London Teachers' College.

The first game was played in Toronto against Lakeshore on January 8. Our team led 45-27 at the end of the half. After a close second half, our boys emerged as victors. The final score 71-58. London's top scorers were Blyth and Stewart who were tied for 16 points each.

In the second game, London found themselves pitted against a tough Hamilton squad. The scene of the contest was McMaster University in Hamilton. The first half ended 24-22 with London holding a slight edge. Hamilton managed to contain our team by throwing up a tight zone defence. London spread their lead in the second frame and the game ended 50-40.

It wasn't until February 6 that a visiting squad came to London. This time it was Toronto Teachers' College that got the axe. London scored the first basket and never looked back as they handed the visitors a 78-53 setback. Top scorer for London was Stewart with 16 points.

The final game on the schedule was played on the Toronto Teachers' Court. The team's strength was greatly depleted at this game. The coach was home pacing the floor (it was a girl) and three team members were not able to play. This left us with seven players and no coach. However, at the last moment, London's jack-of-all-trades, Miss Buck came forth with an offer to substitute (as coach). London was stymied at the beginning of the game due to the strange court but they managed to untrack themselves by the end of the first half. The score then was 28-30 for Toronto. The team settled down in the second half but they couldn't overcome Toronto's lead and the game ended 55-56 for Toronto. John McLean was hero of the game with 18 points. Miss Buck did an excellent job as coach. The only thing that the boys missed was the dressing room pep talk.

The team enjoyed many exhibition games this season. The team defeated Medway High School, Wheable Collegiate, Beal Technical School, East Elgin High School, Huron College, a college all-star team and finally, but not least, the girls' basketball team. We suffered one defeat at the hands of East Elgin in a return bout. The score was 52-44.

Members of the 1959-60 team were: Jack Blyth, John Butler, Bob Gilson, Blair Foote, Jack Glover, Bob Keech, John McLean, Steven Payne, Jim Stewart, and Tom Timbrell. The coach was Mr. Townshend and the manager, Ron King.

Basketball



First Row: (L. to R.) Jackie Parker, Janet Rinker, Grace Couch
er. Second Row: Mary Kane, Sandra Bennett, Sheila Tyler,
Doris Elliot, Pam Shepard, Donna Gripton Third Row: Mary'
Miss Buck, Kathy Mark, Jean Normandeau, Sheila Parent,
Nancy Koning, Karen Jordan, Mr. Harris.

The girls did not win any trophies this year as did the men, but they certainly completed a very successful season. This year's captain was Karen Jordan. One of their first games was played against Lakeshore Teachers' College from whom they captured a victory.

On January 11th and 13th, they played Clarke Road High School and Wheable Collegiate respectively, winning both games. January 14th saw them meet the Hamilton Teachers' College opposition, losing the game by seven baskets.

In February, the team played several games with some of the local high school squads. At the end of their game against St. Thomas, the score was tied. Anxiety mounted as the teams went into overtime. The unfortunate result was a loss for our team. The victory, however, was a close one, as the St. Thomas team won by one point. The next game saw London Teachers' College eke out a close victory over the London Teachers with a score of 43-41.

In March, the girls again pitted their strength against such opposition a Western University and Central Collegiate, from whom they suffered defeat. However, in the game against the Toronto Teachers' College, the girls, armed with determination and fortitude, went out and squeezed a victory from the Toronto squad. In their next game, they had little trouble in breaking down the resistance of the St. Thomas "Y" team. The result was an upset victory for London.

The score of one of the final games is, to say the least disputable! In a rather disorganized, but high-spirited game, the L.T.C. women's team made a valiant attempt to overcome such obstacles as height, weight, speed and underhanded techniques in their attempt to defeat the men's team. Such scores as 73-2 have been submitted (in favour of the men. of course) but, as the matter is left highly questionable, the whole thing has been left unsolved!

Thus the girls, having accomplished success and accepted defeat, have well-represented London Teachers' College this year. Much appreciation is expressed for the coaching given by Mr. Harris and Miss Buck this season.

Volleyball



First Row: (L. to R.) Marilyn Twiddy, Pot Poyne, Lynn Brown, Shirley Cotton, Althea Vickerman.
Second Row: (L. to R.) Tom Simpson, Jock Cook, John Wilson, Douglas Richmond, Mr. J. Thomson.

The 1959-60 team was organized by Mr. Thomson and captained by Tom Simpson. The team's first game was played at Toronto Lakeshore Teachers' College. On the small Lakeshore court, the six boys and three girls met their opposition. After two hard-fought fifteen minute periods, the game resulted in a tie, sending the teams into overtime. Our determined team struggled for the winning point, but emerged the losers.

At Hamilton Teachers' College, the team played a three-game series. The high-spirited team rallied their strength and took the first two games, thus winning the series.

London Teachers' College has not had the opportunity of hosting either of these two teams in a return game.

Volleyball

With regular practices under Mr. Thomson's direction, the girls team of seven developed further volleyball skills. The team played only one game this season. Unfortunately, they were soundly defeated by the Catholic Central team. However, spirits were kept high and, without doubt, the team members gained insight into the game of volleyball.

The feeling is that greater emphasis should be placed on Volleyball. It has not been given the importance that Basketball has, and yet it is the game more likely to be taught in the elementary school. It is Mr. Thomson's hope that next year there will be a fuller schedule in volleyball both between college and city teams.

At this point, a special vote of thanks and appreciation for perseverance and hard work go out to Mr. Thomson who coached all three volleyball teams this year. Best of luck to next year's team.



The men's team was captained by Tom Simpson and was again under Mr. Thomson's guidance. The men played three games this season. Two of these were played against the Y.M.C.A. team, and the other against the London Freelancers. They suffered defeat in both games with the Y.M.C.A. but did profit from their loss. From the more experienced Y team, they gained appreciation for the finer points of the game. L.T.C. scored a victory over the Freelancers. They played a three game series and won two of the three games with scores of 15-8, 6-15 and 15-7.

Hockey Team



First Row: (L. to R.) Don Hayes, Bob Keech, Jim Evons, Al Kish, Ed McMath. Second Row: Jerry Plante, Keith Liddle, Norm Forget, Mike Specht, Wayne Brown, Ron Worden. Third Row: Bill Anderson, Greg Burr, Les Wintonyk, Larry Clarke, Mr. J. Crawford.

L.T.C.'s hockey team this year was coached by Mr. Crawford. The team was composed of fifteen players, with Les Wintonyk as captain. They opposed both high school and local industrial manufacturing teams. In both well-played games with Oakridge High School, our team suffered defeat. History repeated itself as they also lost to a strong Central Collegiate team. With regained strength and more experience in working together, the team tied the score against Wheable Collegiate. They recorded wins against Ward Construction, Seventh Engineers.(Army), London Printing, and Canada Bread. Against such determined opposition as Taylor Electric, London Life, West Merchants, Vito's Pizza, and Wilson Motors, the men withdrew as losers.

From both their wins and losses, the men added to their experience and knowledge of the fastest sport. The manager, Jim Evons, who did a fine job this season, deserves special mention and much appreciation.

Bowling



LTC's out-of-school sport, bowling, was revived again in 59-60 by an early showing of considerable interest. A meeting was held in November to determine the number of persons interested in the native Canadian game of Five Pins. As a result of this meeting three leagues of 8 teams were established to bowl at the Richmond lanes on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Previous to the November meeting, an executive was set up to govern the leagues. The following persons worked in pairs to look after the respective nights: John Eacott and Shirley Postin, Jim Blakely and Pat Lovell, Elaine Butler and Sophie Buskewiz. The overall chairman was John Eacott.

As has happened in other years the strength of the leagues declined as the season progressed due to the pressure of other activities. There were however, a substantial number of regulars to keep the teams active. Because of these people some real competition developed although trophy competition had to be discarded because of the reshuffle of teams. Our leagues were not high scoring ones because a good number of the players were being introduced to the sport. Our aim was to have a good time, relax and learn the game. Team and individual scores near the end improved all season and near the end of the season Team One (on Tuesday) could boast of six two hundred games out of nine. Because we were not primarily out for the competition, it was decided that each regular person receive a crest rather than awarding trophies to the winners. During this season bowling was not school sponsored as it had been in the past and was entirely student sponsored as an outside activity.







Recapitulation

Graduation

Ball



"Sayonara, Sayonara" - These thoughts of farewell pervading the atmosphere, enriched the setting for the dance which was the social highlight of the year. The gymnasium was transformed from a cave of steel and masonry to an elegant Japanese garden.

As one entered, the exotic garden captured the eye. It was enhanced by a trickling stream over which a quaint wooden bridge stood. A frowning Buddha maintained its stoic stand throughout the evening. Colourful lanterns completed the Oriental atmosphere.

Subdued lights which illuminated the fountain gave a romantic air to the front terrace. Handsome couples danced, enthralled by the music of Glenn Bricklin's Orchestra and the All Star Combo.

Books of matches, displaying the school crest on the cover were given as favours.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Biehl, Miss Lawson and Scott Hays were patrons for the ball.

Thus, amid twinkling Japanese lanterns, sentimental music whispered "Sayonara, Sayonara" to the graduates of 1960.





"Bless us O Lord and these Thy gifts - - -". With these words, given by Reverend Father Finn, the graduation banquet commenced.

Chairman of the evening was David Fickling, our Prime Minister. The toast to the staff was given by Mrs. Mary Robinson, and Mr. J. A. Crawford replied. The students thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Hydes' dry humour as he proposed a toast to them. To this Elaine Podolsky replied on behalf of the students. An eloquent salute to the school was given by Mr. James McVicar and Mr. Biehl answered. One of the most memorable parts of the programme was Annie Grant's Valedictory address in which she expressed so aptly, the feelings of all present.

The tone of the banquet was enhanced by the delightful entertainment under the direction of the Literary Society.

Reverend Barker pronounced the closing benediction.

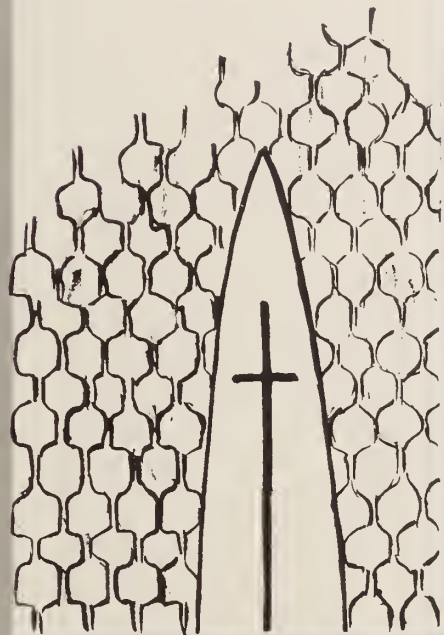
May 8 was the date of our graduation church services. Our large student numbers necessitated the use of more than one church, but this dispersal in no way detracted from the significance.

At three o'clock, Rev. C. J. Killinger conducted the service at Trinity Lutheran Church on Oxford Street, and an evening service was conducted by Dr. E. G. Turnbull at Calvary United Church on Ridout Street. The scripture lesson was read by Mr. G. H. Dobrindt at Trinity Lutheran and by Mr. F. C. Biehl at Calvary United. At both services, the sermons were inspirational. The College Choir, under the direction of Mr. MacDowell, provided the special anthems which added to the atmosphere of these memorable occasions.

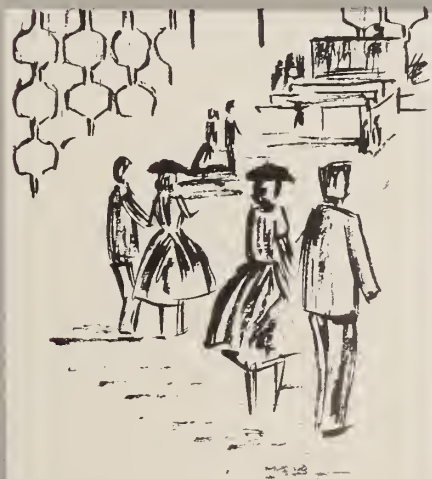
The Roman Catholic students celebrated the Mass, which was conducted by Rev. Father O'Flaherty, and the Brothers of St. Louis chanted the responses. The Rt. Rev. J. A. Feeney delivered the sermon in which he exhorted the students to be worthy of the high vocation which was theirs.

The Teachers' College was open to parents during the afternoon and the cafeteria staff prepared a special buffet.

Banquet



Church Service





Valedictorian



Highlights of the Valedictory Address

Annie chose the structure of the lesson plan for her address. This familiar and haunting format was the framework for the highlights which follow:

Introduction:

The confusion and challenge of the first weeks through which the students struggled with varying degrees of success.

Problem:

The problem was self-evident.

Presentation:

In this step, Annie stressed the importance of time to the teacher by referring to the eternal shadow of the clock which seemed a spectre in every lesson. She recalled that all was not work, frustration and worry, because relief was found in the dances and parties which formed an integral part of the school year.

Recapitulation:

The consolidation of the classroom experiences was the summation of the term and year's work in examinations.

Application:

As an application of a good lesson is a reflection of the effectiveness of the presiding steps, so the way in which we apply the knowledge gained through lectures, observations and experiences reflect the success with which we have met the challenge of the year.

Unsung Heroes



Monte Wright -- Cover and Art



Mr. Biehl -- Photography



Lynne Brown -- Typing



Walter Parsons -- Photography



Jim Cushman -- Photography

Application

A Boy Named John

His vocabulary is limited to something like seventy-five words which necessitates some repetition on his part and proves rather trying to his more cultured superiors.

He has the voice of a fog-horn booming through a murky darkness, driving the chickens into their coops for miles around, but doing little for the head-ache I might happen to have.

His table-manners are, to say the kindest thing about them, rugged. He leans his elbows on the table, dunks his toast in his cocoa and slurps his soup.

Then there is his distorted sense of hygiene. It takes nothing short of an act of parliament to get him to take a bath more than once a week, and he is positively demoralized by being forced, as he is, to wash his hands before meals.

Consider the matter of haberdashery. He does not. He wears a battered cowboy hat which he would not part with, even for Winston's bowler; baggy trousers and baggier T-shirts; a crest-covered jacket and clumsy boots in which he constantly clomps about just to let me know he is still around. As if I could forget.

His appetite is comparable to that of twenty hungry bears emerging from a winter's hibernation, and though he can't scramble eggs for himself, he expects, and usually gets, all the milk, roast-beef, oranges, and chocolate cake he can eat. No salad.

Though it is perfectly obvious from his recreational activities that he is double-jointed, ambidexterous and most limber, he has the utmost difficulty in performing such routine movements as drying dishes, and can evade such menial tasks as carrying out the garbage simply by throwing himself on the kitchen floor and contorting his spine into the shape of a twisted bicycle frame.

But when he comes to my chair in the evening and winds his warm young arms around my shoulders and buries his freckled cherub's nose in my neck, I would not trade him for anything in the world. He is illiterate; he is noisy; he is unmanly; he is untidy. He is a little boy; he is my son.

Joan Chittam

Embers

In a secluded campsite, recently vacated, a tiny red jewel glowed in a setting of gray ashes. A gentle wisp of wind encouraged the gem to glitter and dance into a brilliant orange flame. Several small fagots nearby joined in the eerie flickering promenade. Minutes later, large sticks and a bush joined in the fascinating dance of crimson red. Within an hour, flames raged through a whole acre of once majestic pine trees. The forest echoed with crackling, crashing screams of torment as row after row of straight young trees became twisted blackened monuments to the destructiveness of a single glowing ember.

David Smith

FOCUS

He stood out in any crowd, not because of his size or oddities, but because of his personality and easy-going manner. He was a stocky man and his years of life made his manly chest appear slightly descended. When walking, his toes turned up and out, and the sound of his foot steps had a familiar slap, slap like the steady tick of a slow clock.

He was a friend to all and a foe to none. He could talk to anyone with as much ease as it takes to breathe. He was a well-educated man and it showed when he spoke, but he didn't wear his years of schooling on his lapel like a gold pin.

I noticed first his eyes. With the years, they had wrinkled slightly at the corners from laughter, but the pale, blue-grey eyes themselves were as bright as they were in his childhood. His hair was thin, grey, and straight, cresting the top of his head, leaving a generous forehead. His cheeks were full and rosy, divided by a rather large but not grotesque nose. It was often oily in the creases, but this too was an advantage, for he had the peculiar habit of wiping the side of his nose with his pipe. This practice removed excess oil and gave the bowl of his pipe a lustrous sheen.

The pipe was a Santa Claus type and the only time it was absent was during the church services Sunday morning. So much a part of him was it, that he became known as - the person with the pipe. The generous mouth which claimed this sixteen-hour-per-day pipe had a typical clerical twist which was one half a pucker. His teeth were short and yellowed from his favourite passtime. The multiple gold fillings added to the effect, and on one side of his mouth, the teeth which had hugged the pipe for so long were curved like the top of a mushroom. In spite of these meandering curves, his smile was perhaps lopsided but genuine.

His hands were always warm and his fan-shaped fingers which turned up at the tips were always ready to administer punishment or comfort. He had very minor weak points but his many kindnesses more than made up for these. Although he was called to higher services two years ago, the impressions he left with me made me want to be like him. I could very easily be, for this gentleman was my father.

Diana Cross

TRAPPED

Evening shadows were already gathering as I gazed apprehensively out the schoolhouse window. The clock said only half-past four, but this was north of the fifty-third parallel and winter was close at hand.

Our unwelcome visitor was standing quietly now on the far side of the clearing - his head bent. I thought of trying to slip the children quietly out and make our escape, but I remembered his terrific rage when I had stepped furtively out of the door a short half hour ago. I knew we couldn't take the risk. That tall, awkward form was deceptively swift, and some of us could be badly hurt, perhaps killed.

I turned and watched Elaine reading "Tom Sawyer" to the rest of the children. Her voice was calm and assured. I wished that I felt as confident as she sounded. I wondered how long we would have to wait.

A little more than two months before I had been sitting in Mr. Roger's office in the Parliament Buildings in Winnipeg, listening while he told me about Wanless. He explained that it was an isolated little community, accessible only by rail. "We've had trouble keeping teachers up there," he said. "Don't be ashamed to leave if you can't stick there for the full year."

Well, I had decided to try it. It hadn't been too bad up until that afternoon. I rather enjoyed the quiet forest and the silent nights. There was enough work to keep me from getting bored, and lots of hunting and fishing for recreation. "Another scare like this one," I said to myself, "And they can find another teacher."

It was rapidly becoming darker and the smaller children were beginning to whimper a little. I picked up my coat. "I'll try to get past him and bring help from the village," I told them. "Eugene, you and Elaine take care of the others until I get back, but don't let anyone step out that door."

I was still trying to find the courage to set out when a rifle shot crashed outside, followed closely by two more. I drew a deep sigh of relief as Tommy Thorne's stocky form strode across the clearing. "The kids were pretty late," he said quietly, "So I decided to have a look. Good thing you stayed put."

"Did you get him?" I asked.

"Nope," he grunted. "Lights was too poor. But for a while you carry this every day," and he handed me his 30-30. "Moose will be pretty dangerous until rutting season is over, and there are lots of them around this year." 0

He turned and led the way down the dim trail to the settlement, and the children and I followed him gratefully.

Walter F. Durnin

ADINFINITUM

We have chasen the most nable
 Ranked with an unique hierarchy
 Transcending time, space, and into eternity.
 What Hand directs its destinies!
 What Will creates fresh anes!
 We are they who perpetuate the tommorrows,
 Rejaicing in their little exultations,
 Utilizing their defeats with humility.
 Would that Plato or Sacrates
 Could witness our accomplishments,
 As also Albert with his pupil Aquinas.
 They all smile upon our human efforts,
 Far they are but infinite mortal excursions,
 Wanderings, which will become soul searchings,
 Dreams, which will become realities
 But not entities
 Until we are summoned before the Prime Teacher
 To be judged for time and eternity.
 We are the aristocracy,
 Servants of a King.
 Our anthem inscribed upon the intellects
 And souls of our subjects.
 Our force, Divine grace.
 Our banner, justice, kindness, and counsel.
 Our goal, our manifest destiny
 To contagious love, devotion, and unselfish sacrifice
 Beyond global limits
 To wherever the soul extends.
 Our prayer, that the Heavenly Benefactor
 Look with infinite patience
 Upon our human limitations and frailities,
 For our souls cry out in unrest—
 Would that we could do more!

Joe Seward

THE BIG MONSTER

The chairs were scattered round about,
 The table was littered with books,
 And there in the corner the monster stood
 With blinking, blinding looks.

With a blaring voice, and a glaring face,
 The monster ruled supreme,
 And all around the slaves sat bound,
 Dazed as in a dream.

Morning, noon and night it blared,
 It never seemed to stop
 Until one night at eight fifteen
 Something inside went "pop."

The monster's gone, the slaves are free,
 The chairs are back in place,
 And there on the spot where the monster stood,
 There is an empty space.

But alas, my friends, the monster's back,
 The chairs are scattered you see,
 And there in the corner the monster stands,
 A twenty-one inch TV.

David Mann

TRIUMPH

An ethereal radiance flushed
 his face
 While the blue eyes scanned the picture space of ane he
 the page, knew,
 So beautiful were the words But Oh! that magic word
 perceived Gave his story the Midas
 Astounded was this sage. Touch;
 His soul sang like a bird.

Virbrant, yet wistful was his
 tone
 As his tongue caressed the
 phrase;
 "I love Mather," the little
 voice read,
 Exuberant with praise.
 Sister M. Vincentia
 Farm 13

WHITE CLOUD

A tiny single, cloud,
 Like a rose petal
 In an ocean of blue,
 Whereby no other roses grew,
 Slowly moved along
 On its unmarked way.

Where it went I cannot say,
 Far I was forced to look away
 Did some high last breeze
 Ruck it
 Away from sight,
 Or did that cloud so white,
 In that lazy, hazy blue,
 Drown and sink from sight?

Gerald Savage

WINTER SIGNS

The winds of stormy winter blow
 Beckoning the glittering snow.
 Above the earth, above the trees
 The clouds move on in endless seas.
 The leaves are falling to the earth
 And people move in joyous mirth
 These are the signs of winter here;
 These are the signs that winter's near.

Oct. 14, 1959.

Ron Pronger.

Hide them from sight completely,
 Alas - the time has come to flee
 This hustle bustle world of learning
 Listening, hoping, hurrying,
 Watching, waiting and yearning.
 It is gone - excitement of the unknown,
 Nerves on edge and feelings taut,
 The endless questions we have asked,
 The underlying fears we fought.

It is over - and we are gone.

Louise Bell

ODE TO A PIECE OF CHALK

O thou white mass of creativity
O thou designer of eternity
O thou weapon of multiplicity.
Thou art my inspiration,
Thou art my mediation.
Thou art mine, I am thine,
Thou follow me, I thee.
Wed we are one,
Divorced, many.

LAUGH

Build for yourself a strong box, Fashion each part with care, Fit it with hasp and padlock, Put all your troubles there. Hide therein all your failures. As each better cup you quaff, Lock all your heartaches within it, then - sit on the lid and laugh.	Tell no one of its contents, Never its secret share, Drop in your cares and worries, Keep them forever there. Hide them from sight completely, The world will never dream half, Fasten the lid down securely, Then - sit on the lid and laugh.
	Catherine Rockey

THE HEART HAS WINGS

You write, "I'm lonesome for our hill in springtime,
Miss the plum bloom and wild violets by the wall,
And summertime I ache for our red roses -
The ones in shops are not the same at all.
But when October burns hills gold and amber,
Proy for me then, lost on a city street!
And I'll be with you darling, shoring magic.
The heart has wings denied poor mortal feet."
The heart has wings you write. Ah don't I know!
My heart flew with you, darling, long ago.

T. Huiting

JANUARY

January's a primo dono
In her gown of white chiffon,
Doncing over field and woodland,
Touching all with feathery wond;
At her touch the gurgling brooklet
Locks itself in crystal blue.
See her twirling in the garden
Where the birds in summer flew;
Dork eyes flashing, black hair streaming,
Twinkling toes, and graceful leaps,
Scattering for her star-like flowers
Where a world in winter sleeps.

Donno Wilson

THE ANCIENT NILE

While cruising up the ancient Nile
You come upon an emerald isle
With stately palms and rich black soil
Where native people daily toil

Unknown from Bonkok to Madrid
You pass an ancient pyramid;
They're tall and massive, huge old things,
The graveyard of Egyptian kings.

You glide on past the ancient sphinx
That sits there like a lunging lynx;
On through the hot, dry desert sands,
South to the damp wet jungle lands.

The sky and water, blue and green,
Add colour to the jungle scene—
New things you'll see mile after mile
While cruising up the ancient Nile.

Ido Jean (Terry) Wood

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

Oh, sweet little girl as you romp and play
In the fresh morning hours or later in day,
Your thoughts fixed on dollies apparelled in blue,
On picture books, crayons and bright ribbons too.
Is this, little darling, education to you?

Oh, gay little urchin in torn pantaloons,
Pockets laden with marbles and coloured balloons;
Toy six-guns with holsters, leather chaps and lasso,
Electric trains, model houses and games not a few.
Is this, little man, education to you?

Oh, light hearted maiden, since school days are past
And the hard grind of studies over at last.
'Twas primary, secondary and grammar school too;
Then L.T.C.'s experienced crew;
Is that, young maiden, education to you?

Oh, true hearted Mother, the Queen of your home,
And earth's richest treasure on land or on foam,
You teach your dear loved ones, to forever be true
And trust in the Saviour, life's journey through.
Is that, dearest Mother, education to you?

Of Sputniks and rockets, missiles and bombs;
Space ships and satellites, flying saucers, electrons,
Red propaganda to keep nations in stew.
With the hammer and sickle presented to view;
Is that Mr. Khrushchev, education to you?

To write of the seasons, of planets and stars,
Of far distant lands, revolutions and wars;
Of valleys so fertile, all moistened with dew
And peaks of the Smokies with sun breaking through,
Is that, Mr. Poet, education to you?

Louise Hyde

It Happened While I Was Teaching

The last two weeks that I was out teaching I had a little boy named Brian in my class. He was not a dull child, but was lazy and did not try. When Friday came I gave the class a spelling test on that week's work. Brian achieved 6 out of 50 on the test. He had confidence though. At the top of the page was his name written "Brain".

Beverly Rice

Every morning Elizabeth would meet me at the classroom door and tell me how her father had helped her with her homework the night before. Her father, a new Canadian who spoke broken English, took a great interest in the children and their work, but he would not come to Home and School meetings. There was to be a meeting on Wednesday evening and since the rows in the classroom got points for each parent attending, Elizabeth was feeling quite badly. A very surprised teacher saw Elizabeth's father come through the door that evening. Because Elizabeth was strangely quiet during supper, he sensed something was wrong and after much coaxing, her father learned about the meeting. If it meant that much to Elizabeth, her father felt it should mean as much to him, and so he had come to the meeting.

The next day a very happy Elizabeth came up to me and said, "Look what I found in my desk."

On a small note were written four simple words which said so very much. "I love you - Daddy."

Jane Walden

Grade Threes have a peculiar habit of copying absolutely anything you put in front of them without thinking twice about it. Meaning is definitely never taken into account. They "writes" as they "sees". One particular example concerned a note on the North American Indians. One title was "The Teepee" and at the bottom of that note was the sentence, "They hung the meat and the fish from the roofs to dry". Since no one could see that bottom line, I put it on the top of another board beside the title of the next note, "Grassland Indians". I never dreamed what a great mistake I had made. I found in one book, "They hung the Grassland Indians from the roof to dry."

Ann Grant

A grade one class I taught in the Windsor area included Chinese, Negro and white children. As the pupils were lining up for washroom, a little coloured girl asked me to tie her shoe. When I bent down to oblige, she kissed me on the cheek. I raised my head to find the entire line of pupils untying their shoes.

Stephen Payne

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Swan Song...

Allison Clarke



by



Donna Jean Stover

...Editors

Tout fini! Whew! No more deadlines! Hurray! Well here it is at last - the book you've all been waiting for since last September. You are now holding the product of hours and hours of work. And who did this work? We did! And who is "we"? That's a long story - but here it is.

The form representatives, whom you elected for the year book staff, have carried a heavy load in the completion of this "1960 Spectrum". They have faithfully typed, proofread, laid out format, proofread, typed, proofread, reported, proofread, and typed for long hours to ensure you of the best possible year book. You of the student body have also worked for us. Your contributions in prose, poetry, and advertisements have kept high the quality of the "Spectrum".

This is truly YOUR "Spectrum", because you have made it yours. So we of the Year Book staff are proud to have you own a "1960 Spectrum" - the Year Book that is: of the students, for the students, and by the students.

Allison Clarke

This is an editorial on nothing.
Actually, it is not an editorial. It is just nothing
Who reads editorials anyway? Most people just turn to the next page.
Thus this is an editorial for most people. Go ahead.
Turn to the next page.

Donna Jean Stover

More -- It Happened While I Was Teaching

During the practice teaching period, Mr. Brown, the critic teacher, decided to have a spelling bee. It was thought that the girls would take on the boys, but it seemed there were only four boys compared to fifteen girls. Knowing that the boys were poor spellers, I joined them to even the sides. Mr. Brown opened his grade eight speller and presented the word "jewellery" to me. I hesitated and proceeded - j-e-w-e-l-e-r-y. I was the only person sitting and to make matters worse, the boys won the contest.

A. Nonny Mouse

It was the last game of the World Series. Johnnie sat there with an earphone in his ear.
"Johnnie, bring that transistor radio up to me!"
It was Johnnie's hearing aid.

Wayne Stuart

My teaching partner was having a great deal of difficulty teaching the song "My Lord What A Morning" to a grade eight class. She finally retreated to the use of the piano which made the original discord even worse. After several attempts, the pupils began to watch the clock. The critic teacher turned to me and said, "I'm just waiting for one of the students to start singing "My Lord What An Afternoon".

Paul Bawden

The first week of rural teaching a very funny story was related to me. It seems that two of my colleagues were listening to the critic teacher on Monday morning. The grade five class had been assigned some seatwork to do the teacher was presenting a new lesson to the grade sixes. A student in the former grade raised his hand and asked permission to leave the room. The teacher, slightly deaf, thought he had run out of room and thus replied, "Yes, you may turn your page over, and do it on the next."

K. Liddle

I was teaching arithmetic - The Invoice. One question read - 1 girl's bicycle 18" frame \$44.60. As I walked around the room, I came upon one little girl, diligently working away. She had just written: 1 girl's 18" frame , \$44.60.

Bev. Hull

There but for the Grace of God-- Go I

Comparing the then and the now, surely one will feel warmed by the thought that he is a teacher to-day and does not have to contend with the conditions laid down less than a century ago.

1. Teachers each day will fill lamps, clean chimneys, and trim wicks.
2. Each teacher will bring a bucket of water and a scuttle of coal for the day's session.
3. Make your pens carefully. You may whittle nibs to the individual tastes of the pupils.
4. Men teachers may take one evening each week for courting purposes, or two evenings a week if they go to church regularly.
5. After ten hours of school, the teachers should spend the remaining time reading the Bible or other good books.
6. Women teachers who marry or engage in unseemly conduct will be dismissed.
7. Every teacher should lay aside from each pay a goodly sum of his earnings for his benefit during his declining years so that he will not become a burden on society.
8. Any teacher who smokes, uses liquor in any form, frequents pool or public halls, or gets shaved in a barber shop will give good reason to suspect his worth, intentions, integrity, and honesty.
9. The teacher who performs his labors faithfully and without fault for five years will be given an increase of 25 cents per week in his pay, providing the Board of Education approves.

Farewell

Goodbye Ursuline College Convent; I'm going home. The long school year has finally run its course, and we the students of a girls' boarding school are at last being released from the firm discipline and loving care of the Ursuline sisters. The months spent within the grey stone confines of the convent have been happy ones, filled with pleasant memories.

This morning, for the last time, we pace down the silent corridors filled with early-morning greyness to take our places in the chapel. The entire convent, as on an infinity of other mornings, is suspended in a dark world of its own, the silence broken only by the rustling of the sisters' robes. The chapel is also in darkness, save for the two fluttering flames of yellow candlelight on the altar, and the unfailing, ever-vigilant sanctuary light.

(continued)

Farewell -- continued

For the last time we file down the brightening corridors to breakfast, the chanting of the sisters faintly filtering through the early-morning hours from the chapel.

As I have done on endless previous mornings, I join my companions in the refectory. A year of repetition has not dulled my amazement at the fact that the convent seems to spring to life in an instant; there is but a moment between prayerful silence and bubbling, clattering, chattering, clinking, laughing noise.

Even the monotonous after-breakfast chore of cleaning an assigned classroom seems different this last morning. It is an assurance, as is my whole unfailing convent schedule, that tomorrow will come, the sun will remain in the sky, and my world will rest secure.

Lunch is a noisy affair as have been a thousand lunches throughout the past year. The din which prevails however is of a different quality; it is almost hysterical in pitch as excitement mounts on this last day of the school year.

The time of departure is fast approaching. Already the bell is summoning the sisters to five o'clock prayer. Almost immediately it is six, and dinner is served against a background of subdued voices and a clattering of dishes from the kitchen. A dull gloom hangs heavily in the refectory as friends eat their last meal together and make final faces at the food.

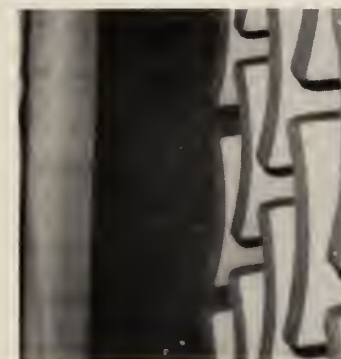
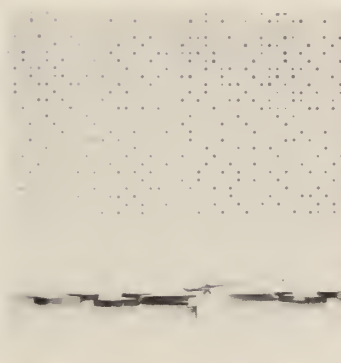
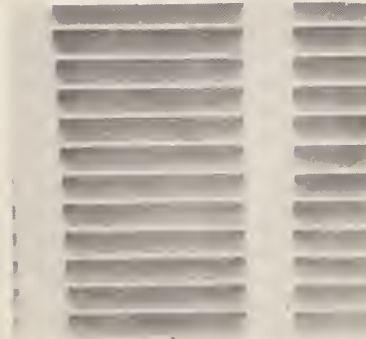
Nocturnal pillow-fights, friendly gatherings in one corner of the darkened dormitory, and feasts of crackers and potato chips are now at an end. Gone is the excitement of a frenzied scramble as rustling robes whisper a warning to ears conditioned to be receptive to that particular sound.

No longer will the fading twilight hours of early autumn be spent in picking the large purple grapes from heavily-laden vines, or in strolling down the large shaded lanes, with an occasional excursion into the adjacent orchards.

Of all these pleasant memories, the ones that I know I shall recall most fondly are those of countless, silent, grey mornings, the perfect, beautiful chanting of the sisters, and the daily chiming of the Angelus as night settles upon the convent. Goodbye U. C. C.; I'm going home.

Judy Rhodes

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WINDSOR, ONT

Toward the end of the school year, Miss Thompson asked her Grade three pupils to write a short story telling why they liked or disliked this school year.

In checking over the essays, she came across a story written by the only coloured child in the class. Wendy wrote, "My school year was very happy. My teacher was very kind to me and now I know that she loves me no matter what colour my skin is."

What greater tribute could be paid to any teacher!

Joan Hodgins No. 909

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While I was observing in a classroom the teacher was studying a poem with a grade four class. The teacher asked one pupil "Who is the author of this poem?" Donald stood by his desk for sometime trying to sound out the name. He finally announced through mispronunciation that the name of the author was "Annie Moose." The author was "anonymous"!

Betty McLeish

On Tuesday morning I was teaching a poem during a literature period. The poem, "Meeting", tells of a boy and a deer who look into each other's eyes while on opposite sides of a stream. There was supposed to have been "something" that passed between them as they stood looking into each other's eyes. I asked "What do you think that "something" was? One little boy waved his hand frantically and I asked him to answer. He stood up and said -- "a creek."

Donna Gripton

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I was planning to show a film in the afternoon and had never operated the motion picture projector. The principal came up at noon and set it up. Everything was ready to go; all I had to do was turn a button. We turned out the lights and I turned the button but nothing happened. Finally one little boy put up his hand and said, "I think it would work better if you turned it around. The picture is going that-way and the screen is up here."

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A LOSING BATTLE

The time had come to deal roundly with the culprit. For days the same old pattern had repeated itself. Rustling noises, deliberate fits of giggling and now this . . . With one last supplication to heaven I swooped down on the unsuspecting victim. Seizing him by the back of his trousers I spun him around his desk and seated him wordlessly on the other side of it. The cause of learning moved on and I resolved to show no feeling. Presently, a pudgy fist was fluctuating in the disturbed area. With deliberate calmness I said, "Yes, Gerard."

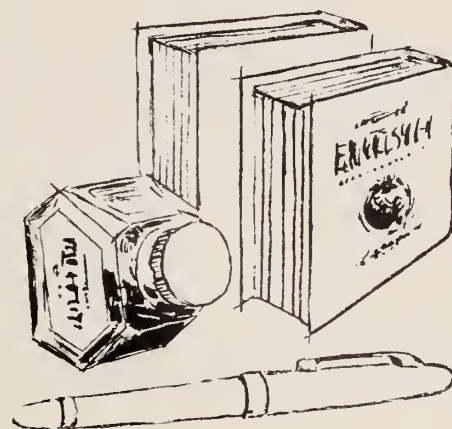
Sparkling Irish eyes danced as the cherub said, "Sister, you sure are pretty when you are mad." . . . Just another case of a losing battle.

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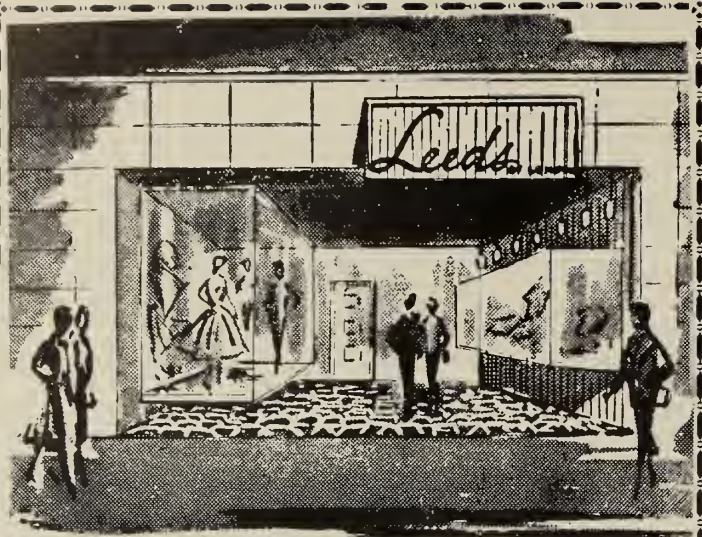
ONTARIO

Teachers are never afraid of anything -- at least that's what I used to believe when I was a student. However, my mind was soon changed, when one day a pupil handed me a paper bag.

"Look at what I have," came the anxious voice. I quickly reached into the bag and my hand came to rest on a furry little body. At Teachers' College they had taught us what to do in almost every situation BUT what do you do in a situation such as this? -- especially when you never have been able to overcome your fear of mice.

My immediate decision was to dispose of this horrible creature as quickly as possible. But as I looked down into the eyes of this small boy, I soon realized how close I had come to making a big mistake especially when I heard him say, "You're not afraid of my stuffed mole, are you Miss Graham?"

Shirley Graham No 904



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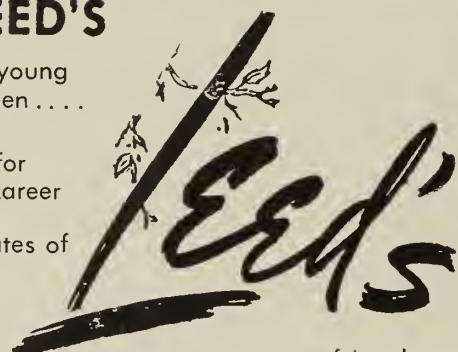
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to the graduates of

1960

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During the two weeks spent teaching grades seven and eight, I was responsible for conducting some experiments in Science. As I began the first of these, a master entered the room to observe my lesson. We were preparing to see what happened when fertilizer was added to water. In my nervous condition, I stirred the concoction a bit too vigorously and spilled it on the little boy in the front desk. After apologizing to the completely disgusted pupil, I looked back to see if I could tell what the master was thinking. To my relief, I heard him chuckle and say, "Perhaps it will make him grow!"

Wayne McCallum

"My mother is the most beautiful mother in the world!" This was the unpretentious statement written by a little grade two boy in my first practice teaching classroom. To support his statement he was persistently talking about how many beautiful clothes she had and all the lovely things she bought for him.

My interests were further aroused when the boy told me he wanted me to meet his mother on Parents' Day. At last, the wonderful, expected day arrived and I watched intently to see who was coming through the doors.

Many lovely mothers were met by their children as they entered, but the little boy remained seated, although his eyes were ever glued to the door. Expectancy danced in their depths.

Then, through the door came a slight, seeming-old woman, with an extreme limp. She wore a too old-looking dress.

"Mommy," was the only word the boy said as he ran, eyes sparkling, and led his mother into the classroom.

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While teaching I realized again that little things often times have greater value than big things. Linda was a very slow pupil in grade one. She had very few friends, although I could feel she desperately longed for friendship. On the last day of practice teaching all the children filed out saying good-bye. Everyone was gone but Linda. Slowly she came up to me, extending a battered valentine. As I read the inscription "To Linda from Gail," Linda said, "Miss Lutchin, I know this card was given to me but I want to give you something and this is all I have." I took Linda's thin hand and as tears welled up, I said, "Thank you Linda."

Noreen Lutchin

During the course of a week I had taught certain religious lessons to a grade one class. When it came time for the Art lesson on Friday afternoon, I had decided on correlating the religion with the art. I explained to the class that they could draw a picture on any of the stories we had talked about during the week.

After three-quarters of an hour, the class was asked to stop work and we discussed the pictures. One child held up a picture of an aeroplane. There were three people sitting in the back of the plane and a rather large person sitting in the front. I asked the pupil to explain to the class what the picture was about. "Well," the young boy said, "That's Joseph and Mary in the back and they're running away from a bad man." I asked him who the man in the front was and he said, "That's Pontius the Pilate."

John King

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The teacher assigned seatwork to the grade one pupils. He sat at his desk and a blue-eyed blonde-haired girl from grade one brought her work up to the desk to be marked. As he marked the work, the child, unconsciously, I think, ran her fingers slowly up the teacher's arm, across his neck and up his ear, at the same time saying, "And what can I do for you now?"

Wayne McCallum

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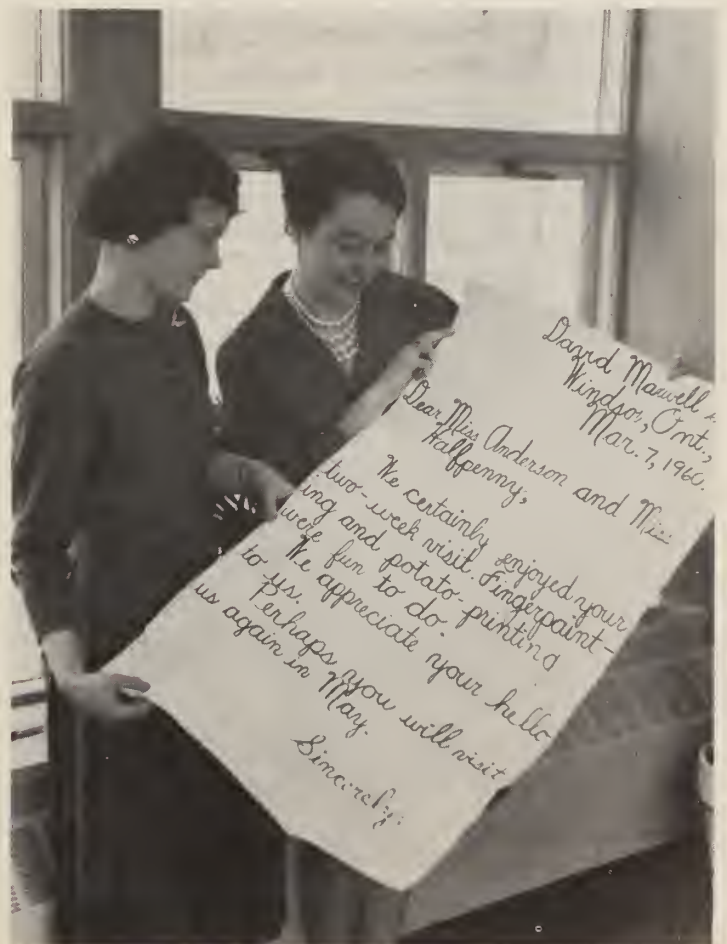
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- newspaper stories can relate textbook study to actual local events and people.
- newspaper classified advertisements offer students excellent practise in business letter writing.
- newspaper science news can help students in their studies of the scientific world.
- newspaper stories offer teachers excellent subjects for debates and lively class discussions.
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